VOL. CCX, No. 2737

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THE SPHERE, JULY 26, 1952
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The WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

Volume CCX No. 2737

The SPHERE, London, July 26, 1952

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE OPENING OF THE XVTH OLYMPIC GAMES—CARRYING THE OLYMPIC TORCH, A FINNISH ATHLETE RUNS UP THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE OF THE TOWER AT THE OLYMPIC STADIUM, HELSINKI, DURING THE OPENING CEREMONY LAST WEEK: It was Hannes Kolehmainen, the celebrated Finn who in 1912 first put his country on the athletic map, who actually lit the Sacred Flame at the top of the 252-ft. tower, and Paavo Nurmi, the Finnish veteran, carried the Olympic Torch on the final stages of its journey to the huge bowl at the southern end of the arena. The games were declared open on July 19 by President Paasikivi, of Finland.

The XVth modern Olympic Games opened at Helsinki on July 19, when Finland's fifty-five-year-old Paavo Nurmi, still thought by many to be the greatest runner of all times, carried the Olympic Torch into the stadium and lit the Sacred Flame in the arena. The athletes of sixty-nine nations and a crowd of over 60,000, their enthusiasm not dampened by the heavy rain, heard President Paasikivi declare the games open. He spoke in English, French and Swedish, as well as Finnish. In an interval during the ceremonies a young German girl tried to stage a "peace" demonstration. She ran around the track, wearing a white, diaphanous robe, and tried to address the crowd through the microphone. She was gently removed by officials. Before that, nearly 4,000 athletes took part in the big parade around the track, afterwards forming a file along the centre green. (Other pictures of the ceremonies appear on page 113).

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

THE U.S. ASSISTANT SECRETARY FOR DEFENCE

MRS. ANNA M. ROSENBERG, UNITED STATES ASSISTANT SECRETARY FOR DEFENCE, ALIGHTS FROM HER PLANE AT LONDON AIRPORT: She was here to visit the headquarters of the U.S. Naval Forces, Eastern Atlantic and Mediterranean, the headquarters of the 3rd Air Force and other American bases. Later she left for Germany.

AN ANCIENT CEREMONY IN LONDON

THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF VINTNERS WALK IN PROCESSION TO ST. JAMES CHURCH, GARLICKHITHE, LONDON: They are preceded by two wine porters sweeping the road, a custom which arose from the deplorable state of the roads in the fourteenth century. The members of the Company had held a meeting in Vintners' Hall, where they elected a Master and Wardens.

A FESTIVAL GARDENS DEMONSTRATION

TROTTING DEMONSTRATIONS IN BATTERSEA PARK: Mrs. Phyllis James drives a trotting chariot in the first of a series of demonstrations which took place in the Festival Gardens at Battersea Park last week. Mrs. James has won many trotting races in Europe and America.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *for dispatch to addresses at home and overseas can be sent direct to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for 12 months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire are £5 16s. 6d.; 6 months and Christmas Number, £3; 6 months without Christmas Number, £2 16s. 6d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are £5 14s., £2 19s. and £2 15s.; and for elsewhere Overseas £5 18s. 6d., £3 1s. 3d. and £2 17s. 6d. The terms are inclusive of postage.*

A London Newslette

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Blessings of Free Speech.—When Mr. Churchill dismissed as of no importance the demented Dean who pants for martyrdom, he said: "Free speech carries with it the evils of all the foolish, unpleasant, venomous things that are said. On the whole, we would rather lump them than do away with it." No doubt he is right. The House thought so. But one may ask the academic question: "Is there a limit?" It does sometimes seem that this freedom of ours is rather a depressing proof of our national frailty than a fine proof of our restraint and virtues. We are all of us at times foolish, irritable and unbridled and (as we all know) a curse is a brighter news item than a blessing. But in the last decades of embittered politics on the home front, free speech does seem to have debased our reputation for common sense, fairmindedness, decency and restraint, virtues for which many Latin and other nations envied us from the days of Erasmus to the World Wars of our own time. If some maniac for hard work were to collect, arrange, catalogue and statisticise even a tithe of the foolish, lying, envenomed utterances which public men have made publicly in the last decade, not to assess the harm done but to estimate the state of mind and education of the utterers, an impartial judge might well conclude that public life has declined to Fourth Form standards, and that freedom of speech may become a mixed blessing. Meanwhile, let us forget the Dean and pray for the Chapter and the Archbishop in their afflictions.

Defence a Dollar-Earner.—It was, I confess, a "new one on me" that any aspect of our Defence Programme could prove a profitable affair for us. But so it is, statistics assure us. American Servicemen stationed in Britain (30,000 of them) each year convert £20,000,000 of their pay into sterling which, added to the sums paid by the U.S. Government for work, services, food and so on, for its establishments, gives a total figure of spending by these forces of over £30,000,000. This, then, is one of our "major industries" or dollar-earning sources, catering for our American defence visitors. It beats easily what we rake in by the tourist trade. It makes up 25 per cent. of all our "exports" to the U.S.A. These U.S. airmen, of course, are paid on Ministerial scales. A private, unmarried, gets nearly £400 a year. A married captain draws about £1,400 a year, and is on a par with a junior Minister. The car industry is perhaps their best customer. They buy the cars which we can't buy. If they sometimes appropriate our farmland and uglify once beautiful country, at least the local shopkeepers forgive the intrusion when they count the till takings. Still, it is an uneasy or at least an anomalous form of prosperity. It is rather like taking out a fire insurance policy and securing a commission and bonus equalling the amount of the policy. But commission and bonus trickle *my* way very obliquely and slowly.

THE "UNITED STATES" BACK HOME

ADMIRING NEW YORKERS CROWD THE WATER-FRONT AS THE RECORD-BREAKI "UNITED STATES" RETURNS AT THE END OF HER MAIDEN VOYAGE: With t "Blue Riband," symbol of Atlantic supremacy, flying from her masthead, t *United States* noses her way into a berth at a New York pier after her retur voyage from Europe. The "Riband" was a gift from enthusiastic visitor but at first Mr. John M. Franklin, head of the United States Lines, refused t allow it to be flown. It is announced that for voyages in the future the line will keep to her normal schedule of five days for the crossing either way

A Final Note on the Civil List.—The debates on the Civil List to which I referred last week went, as I indicated, very much according to precedent. It was mild "republicanism" which sometimes issued from lips largely curbed by recognition of the widespread popularity of the Throne and Royal family. It is perhaps worth recording some remarks made by Mrs. White (East Flint, Lab.), whose speech lacked neither realism nor common sense. She was glad there was now far less ceremony in connection with social presentations at Court, a function which might be dispensed with altogether. The Royal family naturally had their own circle of friends whom they entertained (so have I, and I will thank nobody for dictating to me my choice); but she saw no reason for a completely outmoded social distinction. (Another Labour member carried the argument on when he crudely asked how many miners and farm hands would attend the Garden Parties. But the Palace lawns won't hold 20,000,000 guests. We can't *all* be asked, and these parties are surely reasonably representative of the nation.) Still, there is some colour and sense in such arguments. In this uneasy stage of social revolution, the Throne and the "classless society" of a democratic nation must appear to be to some degree "at odds," so long as the precedent of a "buffer state" between Throne and common people, made up of an upper class, the "best people," the "upper ten" (call it what you will), *appears* to be maintained. What is very clear to me is that anomaly and possible future cause of irritation largely kept alive not by the Royal family but certain newspapers, avowedly Conservative, columnists and gossips forever foster and pres the "eldest son" and "smart set" mentality Edwardian days and give special publicity to go debutantes and "partis." I think that these colu nists lose one vote to the cause of Conservatism ev time they dip their silly pens in ink. In fact, personal friends of the Royal family are far f noodles, smarties and sprigs. They recruit the Ch and work for the State. Most of the harm is done these pestilent social columnists who, no doubt tongue in cheek, forever keep snobbery and c distinctions alive to pander to trivial minds.

Mackenzie *v.* Bloodsucker.—This leadi case, for authors at any rate, was carried a ste further last week when Sir Compton Mackenz appearing in person, lost his appeal against the decis of Danckwerts, J., that a sum of £10,000, which author received from the outright sale in 1943 of t copyrights of twenty of his novels written abro was liable to Income Tax. What he had sold was right to receive annual sums from many or all of th works, which sums would of course be subject income tax in the years received. The copyrights disposed of, he argued, were part of an autho capital—his brain, experience, built-up indus He could not see why the sum obtained for dispo of these many small rivulets of annual income shou be regarded as one year's abnormally high incom and so be liable to a 50 per cent. tax. Neither c I or any other author understand it. "It is t Law's doing and it is marvellous in our eyes." Compton said afterwards that he expected to have t pay over £5,000, and that the decision would cost hi his Berkshire manor-house. He will retire to a fl in Edinburgh; there to write novels? I hope th victims of his humour will be no longer Lairds bu Law Lords. Though, to be just to these wise an impartial luminaries, their duty is to interpret th laws they do not make. The Law may be a h'ass The Law Lords have a duty to harness and drive it.

Of Perennial Interest.—I believe th book trade is temporarily in the doldrums. Author fight shy of enriching the Chancellor with the swea of their brows. Publishers find it ever more difficu to make ends meet and to satisfy the growing demand of their allied trades and overhead. Yet the book continue to roll off the lines, and the oddest thing abo it all is that recreational fiction suffers more tha uplift or historical and biographical knowledge, an that biographists (knowing this) for ever reduplicat books on famous figures in our social history abou whom the last word has surely been said—and ge away with their redundancies. We must, I think accept it that, for one reason or another, among ou famous or infamous native dead, there are a few whos characters and life-stories are indeed of undying interest. Well or badly told, accurate or inaccurate containing a grain of new matter or none, the tal can always be read again (like a good detective-story however well remembered its details and dénouements Shakespeare stands outside this category. The mor they write about him, the less we know about him But Queen Victoria, Byron, the Young Pretender Charles II, d'Orsay, Lady Caroline Lamb . . . we ca never have enough of the old, old story. Some o these hardy perennials are historic figures, remarkab

characters. Others have no relative importance at all, save as illustrating a transient social fashion or as foils to a larger figure. Victoria, Byron, Charles II are in the former, d'Orsay and Caroline Lamb in the latter category. These last are merely "Jenkins's Ears." The publisher's reader must often ask himself: "Can anybody endure another (the hundredth) version of the well-worn tale of Victoria and Albert?" They can and they do. Reluctantly at first, avidly soon, I read *The Youthful Queen Victoria*, by D. Creston, as though I were reading about her for the first time. Her book contained no new matter. It was rather discursive, yet the magic of the old, old story, in part because of a new *topical* interest, still grips. But the "Jenkins's Ear" category? Could I read another book about d'Orsay or Caroline, books which might repeat many of the old legends long since killed, books which might offer nothing new and authoritative? I cannot deny it with an oath. I can only assume that these few extraordinary people, giants or minnows, had in their characters and in their life-stories, the two interwoven, some element of romance which is indeed eternal and indestructible.

Eton's Sad "Half."—The summer half of 1952 will be remembered sadly by present Etonians and staff. Wherever a thousand boys are gathered together, accidents and epidemics are always probabilities, near enough to be "just round the corner." This half the staff and parents have received an abnormal degree of anxiety and shocks and a quite abnormal amount of trouble involved by sudden changes of plan, especially for parents living abroad. The half ended earlier than usual, in part as compensation for the loss of the Lord's week-end. (Nowadays it is the week-end rather than the match which counts most with 40 per cent. of the boys.) But in large part the curtailment was due to the discovery of two cases of mild infantile paralysis, and a big proportion of the boys were withdrawn soon after the match. Accidental death is mercifully rare at a public school, but that rare event was added to the misfortunes of the half. Harrow's victory at Lord's, in the circumstances, must be reckoned as a blessing in disguise. A long series of supremacies by one side robs the match of much of its surviving interest, and anyway, in times of trouble, the bludgeons of fate liquidate the pin-pricks.

Chawton Remembers.—Every summer, despite war alarms and political dogfights, in sunshine or in cloudburst, the little village of Chawton, near Alton, in Hampshire, remembers one of its gentlest, most genteel residents, Jane Austen, sister of the Squire of the Big House, who lived and wrote in the cottage where two main roads meet. The Jane Austen Society holds its annual meeting in a marquee. This meeting has come to be accepted (and expected) as a feast of wit. The regulars are knowledgeable and pithy. The Duke of Wellington, the Society's President (absent on this occasion), has set a fine model. Dr. Chapman "knows all the answers" that are known as yet. The secretaries, treasurers, donors and benefactors, are terse, businesslike and on the spot. And every year a literary lion is enticed in to discourse on some aspect of the novelist's art. This year it was a lioness—Lady Davies (Margaret Kennedy), and the Society had the benefit of a most practical lesson on a vital feature of the novelist's art, a great living novelist on a great dead novelist, speaking with profound knowledge, insight and sympathy. These special speakers have a very important function. It is to keep Jane Austen alive by keeping the fresh air of criticism playing round her fame. The tendency of literary societies is often to deify their idol. Jane Austen must be kept alive (and not mummified) at least until her novels have yielded their last new and thrilling surprise to those who read them every year. That time has not yet arrived.

Tory Barometer.—The latest by-election result was certainly a cold douche for the Government, a boost for the Opposition. No one expected the seat would not be held, but few could have anticipated such an increase in Labour voting. The Conservatives must, I suppose, face it that only one thing can swing votes back their way. Hopeful signs abroad are not of much encouragement for them save on the long view. There *is* a temporary wave of optimism, about Persia, about Korea, about Malaya, even about Egypt. But if the oil question was settled, an armistice concluded, the bandits liquidated and Egypt pacified, the Government would get no credit to speak of; nay, if you throw in a continuing and increasing improvement in our trade balance and in the sterling crisis, still in the Labour-held constituencies the reaction against the Government will continue. Nothing matters there but the parish pump. Nothing but a great fall in the cost of living can help to stem and reverse the tide. It is hard on the Government and it enhances the importance of avoiding defeat in Parliament this year and next year.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

LONDON RIVER

A Journey Down the Thames with JOHN MAY, Illustrated with WINSTON MEGORAN'S Drawings, and Special "Sphere" Photographs

PRESENTATIONS UNDER UMBRELLAS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

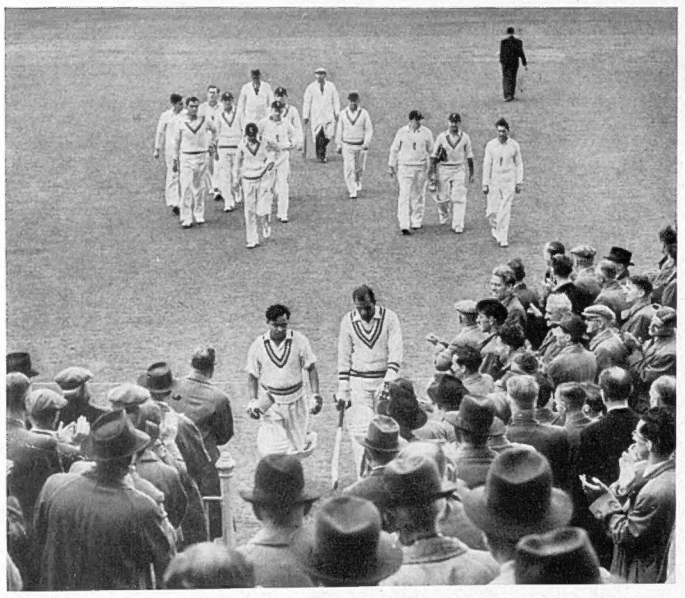
SHOWERS OF RAIN MAR A BUCKINGHAM PALACE GARDEN PARTY: Hidden among the umbrellas in the centre of this picture is the Queen, receiving some of the 7,000 guests who attended the garden party on July 17. Her Majesty was wearing a patterned silk coat of orchid shades with a grey straw hat, grey gloves and a grey bag. She was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh. Princess Margaret, the young Duke and the Duchess of Kent, and other members of the Royal family were also present. Members of the Diplomatic Corps, civic representatives and social workers were among the guests.

A WEDDING IN THE CHAPEL OF THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, CHELSEA

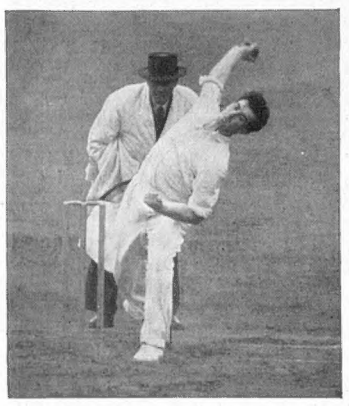
MR. ROBIN YOUNGER AND HIS BRIDE, MISS GILLIAN SAVERY, WALK DOWN THE AISLE AFTER THEIR WEDDING IN THE CHAPEL OF THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, CHELSEA: The Chapel is the work of Christopher Wren, and has been unaltered since its consecration in 1691. The carving of the altar and balustrade is by Gibbons and the ceiling above it was painted by Sebastiano Ricci. Weddings in the chapel are unusual and take place there only by special dispensation.

WEEK-END SPORT

THE THIRD TEST MATCH AT MANCHESTER; TULYAR'S GREAT VICTORY; MOTOR-RACING AT SILVERSTONE



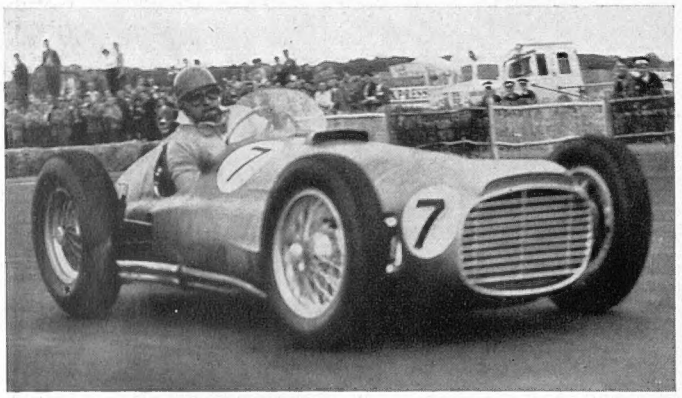
AT THE END OF THE THIRD TEST MATCH AT MANCHESTER—THE LAST TWO BATSMEN OF INDIA PRECEDE THE VICTORIOUS ENGLAND TEAM, WHO WON BY AN INNINGS AND 207 RUNS: In their two innings against England's 347 for 9 declared, India were only able to score a total of 140 runs. Much of the credit for England's victory went to Fred Trueman, the Yorkshire bowler.



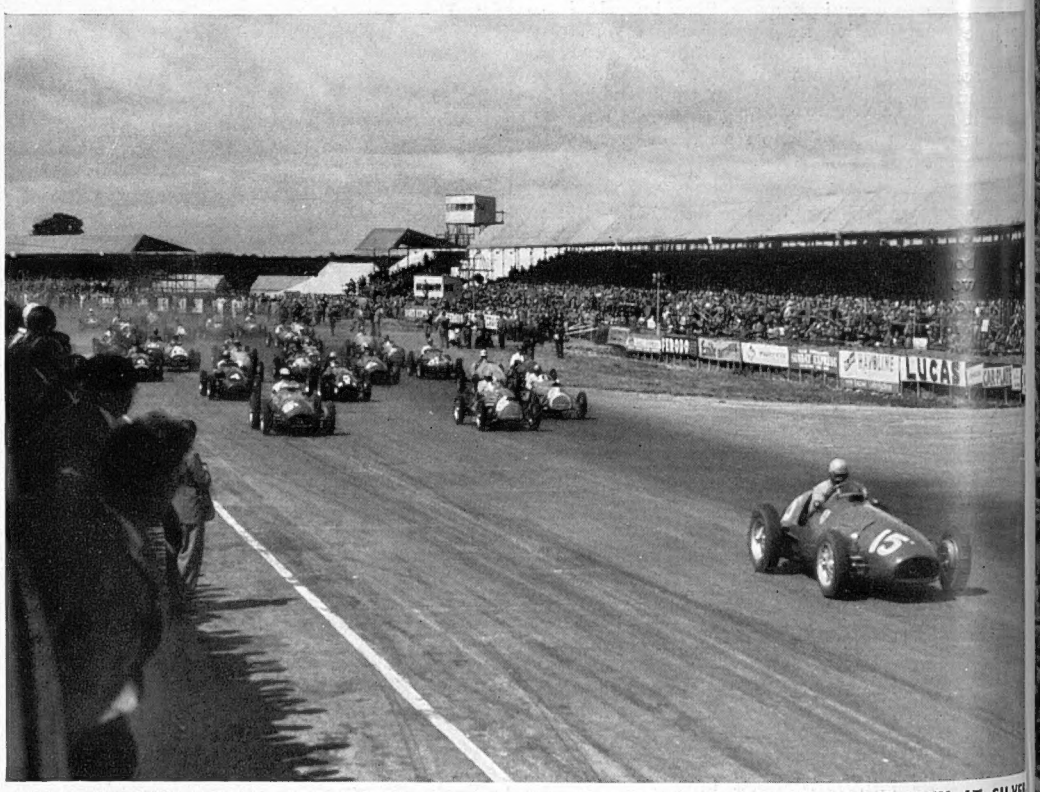
THE DEMON BOWLER FROM YORKSHIRE WHO TOOK A TOTAL OF 9 INDIAN WICKETS: In the Indians' first innings Trueman took 8 wickets in 8.4 overs, of which two were maidens. India were dismissed for a total of 58.

Last Saturday was a most disastrous day for the Indian team at Manchester. After a considerable amount of rain they went in to bat on a wicket which was beginning to show the first signs of wear, faced with the task of scoring 348 runs. By lunch-time India were 37 for five. A short while later, India were all out and Fred Trueman was being acclaimed by the spectators for his brilliant bowling. Within a matter of just over eight overs Trueman took 8 wickets for 31 runs. In India's second innings, when England's fieldsmen were again gathered round the wicket, A. V. Bedser took over and India were dismissed for 82. When he changed ends, relieving Trueman, Bedser began his successful spell of bowling, taking 5 wickets. Throughout the two innings England's bowlers were supported by an aggressively-set field including five slips and a gully.

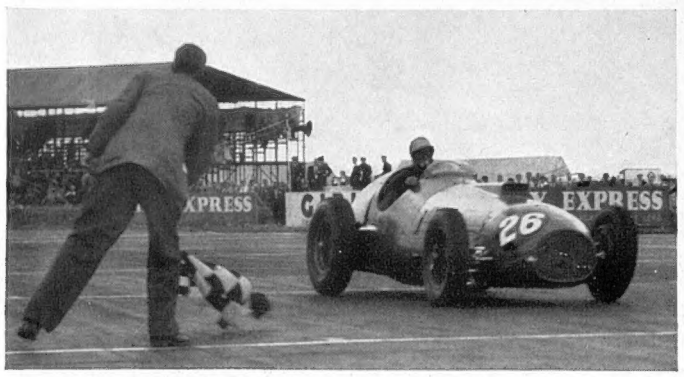
TULYAR'S GREAT WIN: Aly Khan leads in his father's, the Aga Khan's, winner of the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot, ridden by C. Smirke. The winner of this year's Derby and Eclipse Stakes and a strong tip for his next race, the St. Leger, has now amassed the record total of £60,596 in stakes money, of which £59,351 has been earned in the six races this year in which he has been unbeaten. Last Saturday Tulyar fought again the duel with Gay Time, second also in the Derby. In winning, he broke the record of Isinglass, who won the Derby in 1893, and who earned £57,455. Tulyar will, no doubt, add considerably to his total before he retires. He has the advantage of considerably higher stakes than were awarded in Isinglass's day. The previous record for one season was Coronach's £39,624 in 1926, as against Tulyar's £59,3..., with the St. Leger yet to be decided. The Aga Khan flew to England, against the advice of his doctors, to see the race.



THE B.R.M. MAKES A GREAT BID AT SILVERSTONE: Froilan Gonzales at the wheel of the British hope in the "Formula Libre" Race. The B.R.M., which had done a record lap at 98.48 m.p.h. on the Friday, was well placed when Gonzales crashed at Stowe Corner. Meanwhile, the second B.R.M., driven by Ken Wharton, had gained third place. On the eleventh lap Wharton was called in and Gonzales took over, but disaster again overtook him and he had to retire with gearbox trouble.



ASCARI TAKES HIS FERRARI TO THE FRONT AT THE START OF THE 250-MILE BRITISH GRAND PRIX AT SILVERSTONE: The great Italian driver led from start to finish in his 2-litre works Ferrari to win at 90.92 m.p.h., a lap ahead of his team mate, Taruffi, in another Ferrari. More than 100,000 motor-racing enthusiasts went to Silverstone last Saturday to see the British Grand Prix and other races. Italian Ferraris won the two big races, but British cars, notably the B.R.M. and the Cooper-Bristol, were prominent. Alberto Ascari, in winning the British Grand Prix, now leads in the world racing drivers' competition with 27 points. His team-mate Taruffi has 19 points, and Farina lies third with 16 points. J. M. Hawthorn, in a car with considerably less power than the Ferraris, did well to come in third at 88.60 m.p.h. in his Cooper-Bristol, and British Connaughts took fourth and fifth places, followed by G. Farina in the third works Ferrari.



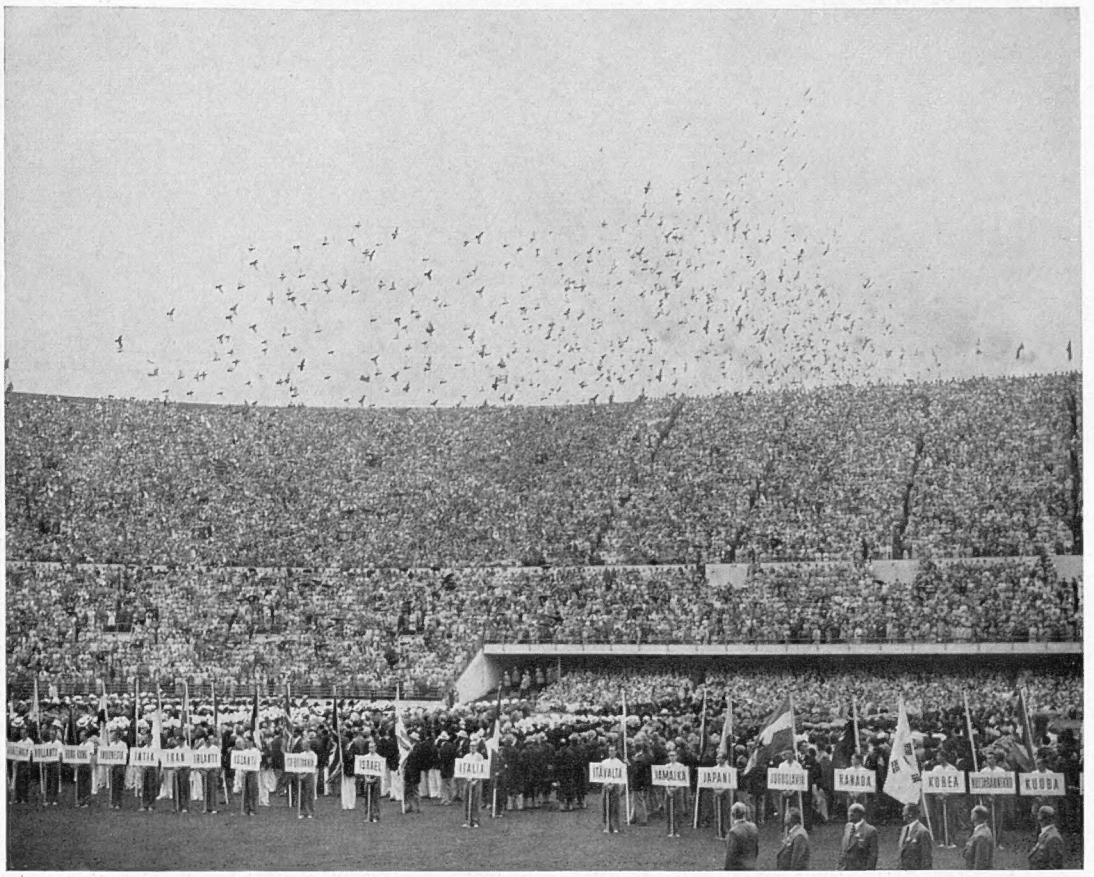
TARUFFI WINS THE "FORMULA LIBRE" IN THE FERRARI "THIN WALL SPECIAL": After the gallant bid of the B.R.M.s had failed there was nothing to stop the forty-five-year-old Italian, Piero Taruffi, from winning the race at over 93 m.p.h. He was followed by two more Ferraris.

THE OLYMPIC CEREMONIES AT HELSINKI

A Memorable Start for the 1952 Games, which were Opened by President Paasikivi Last Saturday

THE FINNISH ATHLETE HEIKKI SAVOLAINEN TAKES THE OATH AT THE OPENING OLYMPIC CEREMONIES: Behind him, being lowered for the oath-taking, are the flags of the sixty-nine nations whose athletes are now competing at Helsinki.

BARBARA ROTRAUT-PLEYER, A GERMAN STUDENT, BEING LED AWAY AFTER HER ATTEMPTED DEMONSTRATION DURING THE OPENING CEREMONIES OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES: After running round the track she tried to address the crowd through the microphone. She said afterwards she intended to plead for International unity and had no political associations.



RELEASING THE PIGEONS FROM THE OLYMPIC STADIUM IN HELSINKI AS THE GAMES WERE INAUGURATED: In the foreground are the flags and names, written in Finnish, of the competing nations. Behind them rises the vast arena, filled on this occasion with more than 60,000 people. A preliminary thunderstorm did nothing to lessen their ardour, most of them standing in the open throughout the ceremonies.

THE FRENCH TEAM, FOLLOWED BY THE RUMANIANS, PARADE IN THE OLYMPIC STADIUM FOR THE CEREMONIAL OPENING OF THE GAMES: It rained throughout the parade, and the running course was churned up into a muddy track. The procession started with the Greeks and continued in alphabetical order, according to the name in Finnish of each country. The Russians, making their first appearance at the Games since 1912, were hatless and in white, their girls wearing blue blazers over white dresses. The Danes were in scarlet and the Indians wore their blue turbans. The men of the English contingent wore dark trilbies and the women white berets.

TREASURES O APSLEY HOUS

"No. 1, LONDON," IS OPENE TO THE PUBLIC AS T WELLINGTON MUSEUM

Apsley House, popularly known as No. London, standing near the gates of H Park at the western end of Piccadilly, now been opened as a Wellington Muse The house was presented to the nation in by the seventh Duke of Wellington, who retains a suite of rooms in the building. gift was not made through the National T but by a special Act of Parliament, which ves the house in the Minister of Works. This Act vested the chattels of the first Duke Wellington in the Minister of Education, whose auspices the museum is administered the Victoria and Albert Museum. The build suffered damage in the last war, and major ite of repairs had to be undertaken in advance general restoration. From time to time SPHERE has recorded the progress of the wo and now illustrated on these pages are just a of Wellington's celebrated collection of pictu plate, jewelled orders and other relics, said to worth £400,000, but possibly even more valu than that. Altogether there are some 1,650 obje

Apsley House was originally built fr designs by the brothers Adam in 1771-78 a red brick mansion for Lord Chancellor Apsl second Earl Bathurst. In 1808 the lease ca into the possession of the Marquess of Wellesl and in 1816 his brother, the Duke of Wellingto began to reside in the house. In 1820 the Du purchased the lease out of his own resource It was not a gift from the nation; but in 18 Parliament bought the freehold for the conque of Waterloo, the cost being £9,350. It was the great Waterloo Gallery that during the la part of the Duke's life the famous Waterl banquets were held each year, the princip guests being the Duke's brother officers w fought with him in the last Napoleon campaig

APSLEY HOUSE, TOWN RESIDENCE OF THE DUKES OF WELLINGTON, AND HOME OF THE IRON DUKE, IS OPENED TO THE PUBLIC AS THE WELLINGTON MUSEUM: The house, which stands beside the Wellington Arch at the entrance to Hyde Park, together with all the most important of its contents, was given to the nation by the seventh Duke in 1947. Since then the Ministry of Works has carried out an extensive programme of restoration in consultation with the Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the interior decorations of the house have been executed as near as possible to the original. The total cost of the restoration work, excluding furnishings, was £50,000. Apsley House is now open on weekdays, including Bank Holidays, between 10 a.m. and 6 p.m. and on Sundays between 2.30 p.m. and 6 p.m.

On left—

THE FIREPLACE IN THE PICCADILLY DRAWING-ROOM: The room, which is so named because it looks out on Piccadilly, is now painted in Adam colours. It was previously hung with grey damask. The room contains a selection from the Royal French service of Sèvres porcelain, which was presented to the first Duke of Wellington by King Louis XVIII. of France. The table service, of some sixty-two pieces, painted in colours and gilt, was completed on September 1, 1822.

On right—

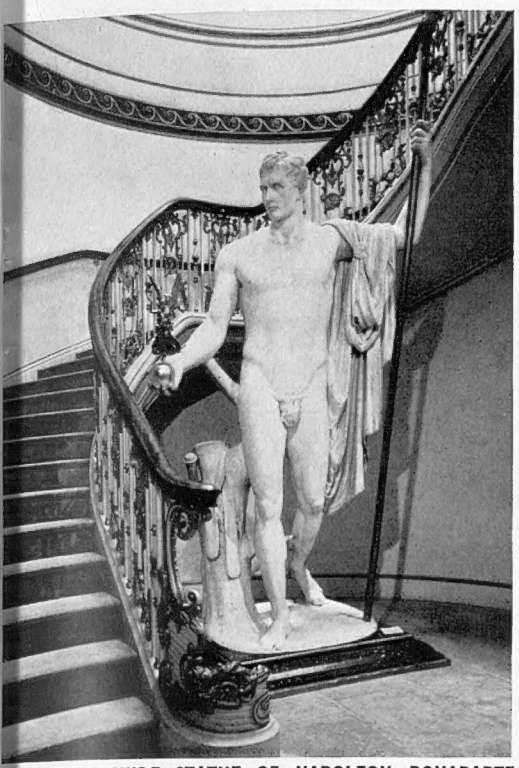
THE GARTER ROBES OF THE IRON DUKE: They have been lent to the exhibition by the present Duke. Fixed to the back of the Garter robes is a long pig-tail of fair hair.

On left—

"THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO": This painting, signed and dated (1843) by Sir William Allan, R.A. (1782-1850), hangs in the striped drawing-room. The room is so-called from its striped damask hangings, and the new hangings have been chosen to match the original material of maroon and white. There are three important pieces of plate displayed in the room; one is the Waterloo Vase and the others are two silver centre-pieces.

On right—

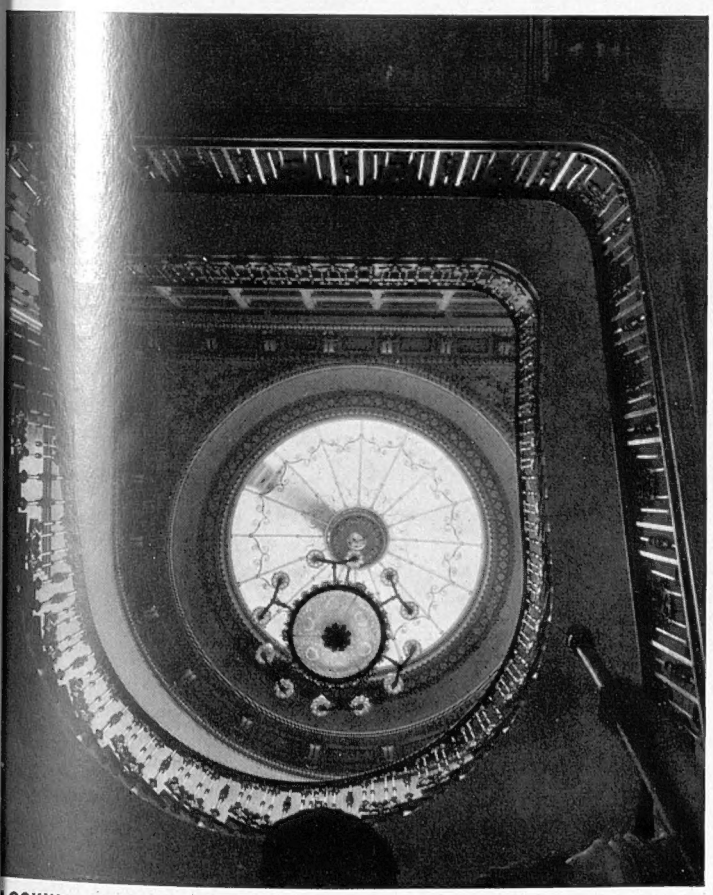
ONE OF THE TWO LARGE STANDARD CANDELABRA PRESENTED TO THE DUKE BY THE MERCHANTS AND BANKERS OF LONDON: They are elaborately wrought with ornaments and figures



THE GREAT NUDE STATUE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE CARVED IN ONE BLOCK OF CARRARA MARBLE BY THE ITALIAN SCULPTOR, ANTONIO CANOVA (1757-1822): The figure stands at the foot of the staircase in the vestibule. The full-length marble statue was made by Canova after he had been summoned by Napoleon to model his portrait. The 11-ft. figure, in the pose of a Roman emperor, was sent to Paris in 1811 and set up in a room in the Louvre; but Napoleon disliked the finished work. It was later bought by the British Government "for less than £3,000" and presented to the Duke.

THE DU[K]E OF WELLINGTON'S BREAKFAST-SET: This bree[k]fast-set was taken from the carriage of Joseph Bona[p]arte during the battle of Vittoria in 1813.

ONE OF THE MOST IMPRESSIVE ROOMS OF APSLEY HOUSE: This is the Waterloo Gallery, which takes its name from the Waterloo Banquets which the Duke gave to several of his generals at the Battle of Waterloo on each anniversary of the battle. Stretching down the middle of the room is the original Waterloo Banquet table on which is seen the centre-piece of the elaborate Portuguese service. The two candelabra standing at each end of the table were presented to the Duke by the Emperor Nicholas I of Russia.



LOOKING UPWARDS THROUGH THE CENTRE OF THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE TO THE TRANSPARENT CUPOLA AT THE TOP OF APSLEY HOUSE: In the bottom right-hand corner is part of Canova's statue of Napoleon, one of the most important exhibits in the house. The windows of Apsley House command several exceptionally fine views of Rotten Row and the Park.

A CORNER OF THE STRIPED DRAWING-ROOM, SHOWING TEN OF THE MANY PORTRAITS: The covered banquettes round the walls are in the same positions as were the originals in the Duke's time, as is the pair of French Console tables with green malachite tops, which stand against the mirrors. One case in this room contains selected pieces from the Saxon service presented by King Frederick Augustus IV of Saxony.

The QUEEN in HERTFORDSHIRE

Her Majesty Visits Hemel Hempstead to Lay the Foundation-stone of the First Church Built in Connection with the Seven-churches Campaign

THE QUEEN MAKES THE FIRST ENTRY IN THE REGISTER OF ST. BARNABAS' CHURCH, ADEYFIELD, THE FIRST OF EIGHT "NEIGHBOURHOODS" TO BE DEVELOPED IN THE NEW TOWN OF HEMEL HEMPSTEAD : Standing on the right is the Bishop of St. Albans, Dr. Gresford Jones, who took part in the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the new church. On the left is the Rev. Peter Stokes, priest-in-charge of the new parish. St. Barnabas' Church is the first of the new churches which come within the seven-churches campaign of the Diocese of St. Albans. Since the launch of the campaign in November, £51,000 of the £75,000 needed for the new churches has been raised. Following the ceremony at Adeyfield, the Queen made a tour of the new town for an hour-and-a-half in her car, with the rear hood open in the sunshine, and spoke to several families. One of her stops was made at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. Adams, and the Queen spent some time talking to Mrs. Adams, whose son, now aged nine months, was the first child to be born on the estate. In the evening the Queen, accompanied by Mr. David Bowes-Lyon, Lord Lieutenant of Hertfordshire, and Mrs. Bowes-Lyon, Field-Marshal Lord Alexander and Lady Alexander, and Lord and Lady Salisbury, attended evensong in St. Albans Cathedral. The Royal visit was in honour of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the formation of the St. Albans diocese.

THE QUEEN LAYS THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW CHURCH AT ADEYFIELD : Her Majesty used a silver trowel presented by the architect, Mr. Felix J. Lander, and tapped the four corners of the stone with a mallet. The ceremony took place under an awning, with buildings in various stages of completion flanking the site.

THE ROYAL CALEDONIAN BALL IN LONDON—PIPERS AND DRUMMERS OF THE SCOTS GUARDS PROVIDE THE MUSIC AND THE DANCERS WHIRL INTO AN EIGHTSOME REEL : This was the scene at Grosvenor House, London, as guests at the Royal Caledonian Ball, now in its 104th year, took part in one of the many reels, arranged by the Countess of Dunmore, the ball chairman. At the start of the ball, pipers and drummers of the Scots Guards led the processional march of over 100 dancers. The Duke of Atholl, who, together with Katharine, Duchess of Atholl, presided at the ball, led the sixteensome of the Atholl Highlanders. It was the first time that the sixteensome reel had been danced at the ball. During the course of the evening a display of piping and dancing was given by the children of the Royal Caledonian School. Among those present at the ball were the Marchioness of Huntly, the Countess of Lindsay and the Countess of Erroll.

A STIFF BREEZE SENDS THE YACHTS SKIPPING DOWN THE CLYDE: This was one of the Dragon-class events of the Clyde Fortnight. Ronald Teacher in the *Frya* (245) is seen just ahead of Willie Russell in *Pinta II* (252). Teacher and Russell, known the world over as champion 6-metre helmsmen, are now in the Dragon class, which gives an indication of the high standard in the Clyde one-design classes.

THE CLYDE FORTNIGHT—1952

BRITISH YACHTSMEN FORGATHER IN THE NORTH

By UFFA FOX

(Author of "Sailing, Seamanship, and Yacht Construction")

Uffa Fox, the distinguished yachtsman and yacht designer, has been competing in the Clyde Fortnight. In the article that follows he comments on the racing in this important annual event and tells of his own part in it.

AS usual, the Fortnight attracted sailing people from the four quarters of the British Isles—England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales—and, in addition, Southern Ireland organised a race under R.O.R.C. rules from Dublin to the Clyde, a distance of some 200 miles. Every kind of weather was experienced during this race, which brought so many first-rate seamen to the Clyde. After light airs at the start, the fleet encountered fog off the Isle of Man, which was left to port; then the wind freshened enough to split *Adastra's* mainsail, so that she put into Douglas for repairs, while the rest of the fleet, with the exception of *Flying Fox*, reefed. She finished first, but went back to fourth when the corrected times were applied. 1st, *Seaminx*; 2nd, *Nyatonga*; 3rd, *Viking*.

The first Regatta under the Burgee of the Royal Northern Yacht Club was from Hunter's Quay on Saturday, July 5. Ten classes answered the starting-guns, 150 racers started, and in one-and-a-half hours from the first gun all were on their way round the various courses set for them. Every course from Hunter's Quay kept the racers in the Firth of Clyde, as they were set round the Skelmorlie, Inverkip, Gantock, Kirn, Strone, Cove, Kilcreggan, Rosneath Patch and Gourock Marks. With such a set of marks the Commodore could set courses that gave a turn to windward, a run with the spinnaker, and a reach with a large jib, no matter from what point of the compass the wind blew, so that each and every day of the Fortnight wonderful courses were set by the various Commodores—courses that tested vessels, helmsmen and crews on each and every point of sailing—while the Firth of Clyde saw to it that each and every kind of weather was enjoyed and endured, from sunshine to heavy rain and hail, from an enjoyable breeze to a gale, with white calms and no wind, with a jobble of sea thrown in for variety. On this the first day the wind was light and easterly, with bright sunshine, a quiet, gentle day enabling each and everyone to settle down quietly.

THE AUTHOR AT THE MAIN BOOM OF THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S YACHT "COWESLIP": At the helm of the *Coweslip* Uffa Fox scored a series of successes in the Clyde Fortnight. In six races he had one win, two seconds and two thirds in six starts.

Sunday, too, was lovely and, with no racing, was spent in visiting, excepting the Royal Clyde Cadets and visitors, as two team races were arranged by the cadets for them. Billy Mooney, my old friend from Southern Ireland, and I found ourselves to our great delight in the same team. In the first race we crewed for a cadet, and this race we won. The second race the cadets crewed for us, the visitors, and Billy and I were again in the winning team.

Monday came in with a white calm, the waters of the Clyde were so still they reflected everything; the starting-guns duly fired by the Commodore failed to bring any life and action to the racers, most of whom hung about the line. The exceptions were Hector Porter's 8-metre *Fulmar* and the fleet of Flying Fifteens, and these went quietly along driven only by the heat of the sun. *Fulmar* and the Fifteens finished the courses set by four in the afternoon; many in other classes failed to finish, and those that did had to wait until eight in the cool of the evening, when heavy squalls of wind and rain entirely changed the serenity of the Clyde. This day was also arranged by the Royal Northern.

COLIN PARKER IN "NYATONGA": In a good breeze *Nyatonga* won in the small handicap class on July 14. Once the handicap was fathomed she was almost always in the first three.

COLONEL HOLLOWAY'S "VIKING" WITH HER OWN PRIVATE SEAGULL: *Viking* finished third in the 200-mile race from Dublin to the Clyde.

Tuesday, July 8, came in with a gentle southerly wind exactly suited for the day, as the Royal Western Yacht Club had arranged a cruising match for each class from Hunter's Quay to Largs, and this gave a dead beat the whole way. Willie Russell, the Commodore, had fitted himself out with two lovely yawls as flag-ships (he had *Zigeuner* for the start at Hunter's Quay and *Griselda* for the finish at Largs), and we racers cast many an admiring glance at these two starting and finishing. But we cast most envious glances at the Commodore half-way to Largs, for there he was steaming dead into the wind aboard the destroyer *Zambesi*, so that, starting well behind us all, he was at Largs in good time to welcome us.

Most every one worked the eastern shore past the Cloch Inverkip and Skelmorlie, and as we were about to enter Largs Roads I was feeling content, as I 'd the rest of the Flying Fifteens

(Continued on following page)

THE YACHT "YVORA," OWNED BY F. J. B. HENDERSON AND G. A. K. SIMPSON, TAKING PART IN A CLYDE FORTNIGHT DRAGON-CLASS EVENT DURING THE BLOW ON JULY 11, WHICH DISMASTED THREE YACHTS: One of the dismasted yachts, *Hurricane IV*, is seen beyond *Yvora's* bow still sailing after her mishap. On this day many dinghy competitors had to give up because of the weather.

A CLOSE-UP OF "PINTA II" (252), THE NEW DRAGON IN WHICH WILLIE RUSSELL DID SO WELL DURING THE CLYDE FORTNIGHT IN A REALLY "HOT" CLASS: The *Woge XI* is seldom far behind when sailed by her owner, John Dunlop, Secretary of the Royal Northern Yacht Club. She is seen sitting tightly on *Pinta's* weather in the blow on July 11.

THE CLYDE FORTNIGHT—1952

(*Continued from previous page*)

tucked safely under *Coweslip's* lee; and then looking out towards the Isle of Bute, I saw *Titania*, that had been ¼-mile astern, roaring along with eased sheets. I stood out for this wind, but was too late, and she won by half-a-mile. That wind had given her a mile and a quarter, so we had to be content with second place.

The passage race was arranged to bring us all to Largs for their Regatta the following day, so *Coweslip* made for the destroyer *Zambesi*, whose officers cared for her while I returned and slept at Hunter's Quay that night.

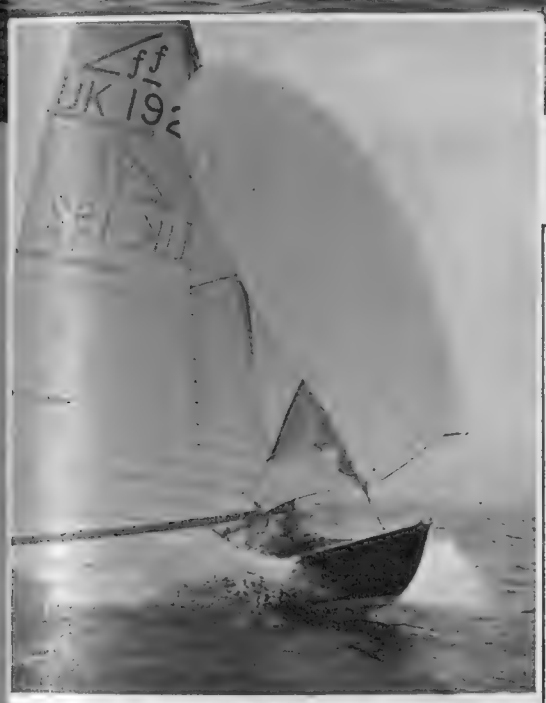
The Commodore of the Royal Largs had set two courses, a figure of eight round the Toward, Outer Skelmorlie and Mount Stewart Marks, or a triangular course round the Inner Skelmorlie and Mount Stewart Marks, each one starting and finishing off Largs.

He chose the triangular, as the wind was again southerly, and off went all the classes on the run northward with their starting-guns, each and every class enjoying the gentle breeze that later backed instead of veering, as it did the day before.

After another regatta all returned to Hunter's Quay, excepting the cruisers from Southern Ireland; and that being so far on their way, continued southwards for home.

Thursday was an off day. On Friday, July 11, the Commodore of the Clyde Corinthian Yacht arranged extremely heavy weather for his regatta, as the west-south-west wind was gale force in the squalls. There was also blinding rain and hail, with here and there a glimpse of the sun. In spite of all its force, the wind was not true in strength or direction, and at times everyone was becalmed in a jobble of sea for minutes on end. Several Dragons were dismasted, some filled so much that they had to retire; two Flying Fifteens gave up for this reason; and several

YACHT-RACING ON THE CLYDE—A GENERAL VIEW DURING THE CLYDE FORTNIGHT, SHOWING HUNTER'S QUAY IN THE BACKGROUND AND SOME OF THE YACHTS MOVING OUT TO THEIR STARTING-POINTS : Sailing conditions this year were very varied. The regattas began in a heat-wave, but with a westerly breeze making for ideal conditions. On the second day there was little wind, and towards the end of the first week a squally wind brought disaster to many of the smaller yachts.



THE "COWESLIP'S" CREW HAVING SPINNAKER TROUBLE ON THE CLYDE DURING THE SQUALLS OF JULY 11 : Uffa Fox, at the helm of the Duke of Edinburgh's yacht, easily outpaced the photographer's launch, which was doing a good 7½ knots when this picture was taken. *Coweslip* came second in the Flying Fifteen event on this day.

naval dinghies capsized, so that this class was stopped very wisely at the end of the first round. On the run after we 'd cleared *Coweslip* of water, I said to Stanley, my crew: "What about the spinnaker?" He looked round at the wild waste of water, saw no one else had set one, and said: "I think we 're going fast without it." I then said most politely (I hope): "We 're racing; give me the halyard." Up went the spinnaker and away we went joyously over the tops of all the waves, as exhilarated and excited as our boat.

There was little time this day to enjoy all the changing lights on the different hills.

The success of the Clyde depends more on the Royal Clyde than any other yacht club, as the rallying point for all is the Royal Marine, owned by the Club and housing their lovely clubroom with interesting historical models. So it is as well that the Royal Clyde is strong and sturdy, as the future of the Clyde Fortnight depends so largely upon it.

Their day was Saturday, July 12, and it was a joy to see the Commodore's lovely yawl, *Mariella*, as flagship. The westerly was strong and gave wonderful sailing conditions, with time to look at the hills as well as race. Away to the north, through Loch Long, the distant hills were a deep blue, and the nearer hills had every shade of green and brown on them as they swept down to the sea, while the deep blackness so typical of the Holy Loch gave it its mantle of mystery.

And so for *Coweslip* and me the Clyde Fortnight came to an end—nine days of wonder.

On Monday the Royal Gourock would race, and the Fortnight would end under the burgee of the Mudhook Yacht Club, while I would be driving south for Plymouth Week with *Coweslip* on top of my car.

POWER BOATS RACE IN DORSET

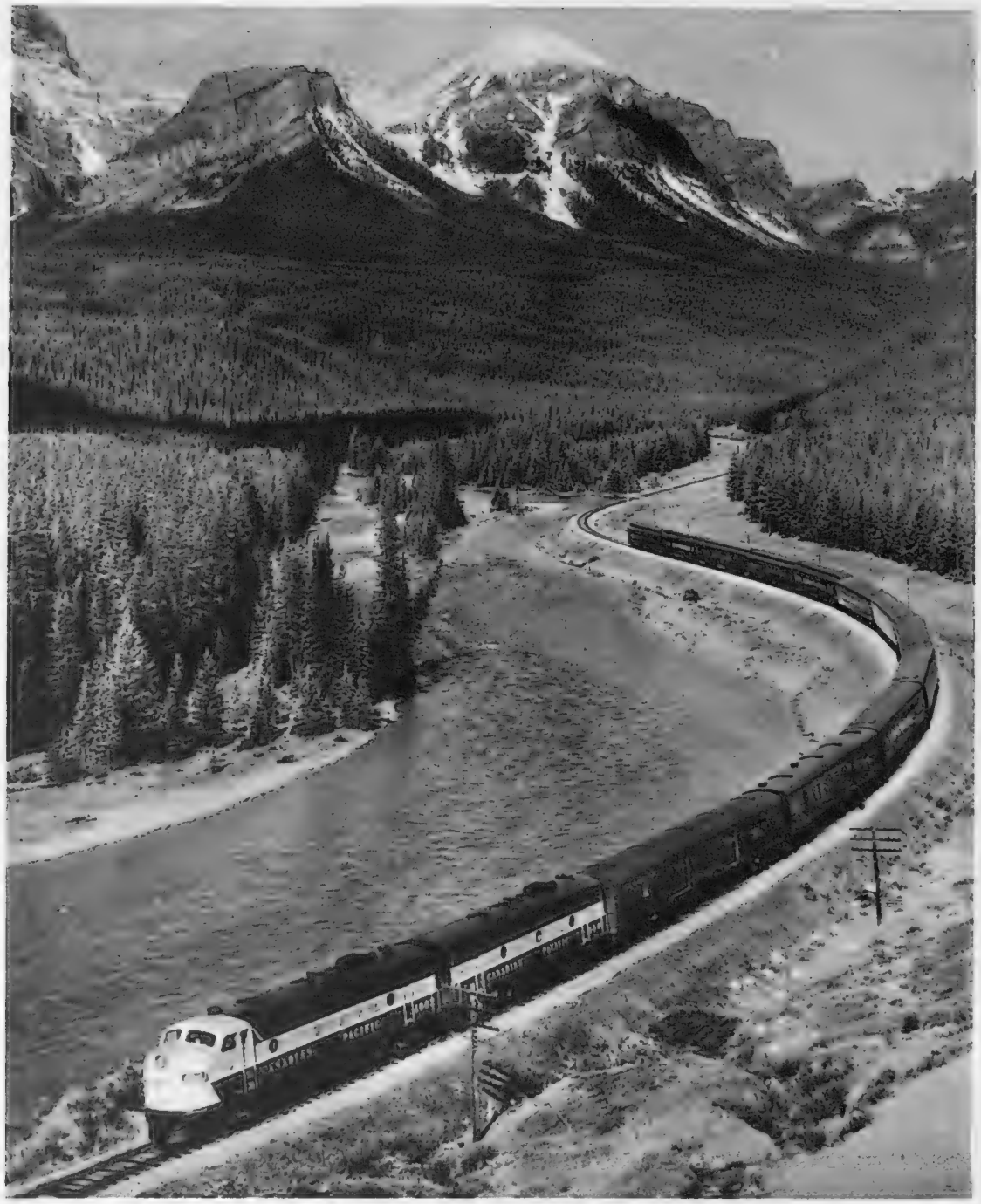
THE WEST OF ENGLAND HYDROPLANE CHAMPIONSHIPS AT SWANAGE, DORSET : Speeding towards the marker buoys are some of the outboard hydroplanes competing in the championship. In the lead is S. J. Watson's *New Look* (No. 27), followed by G. Smallcombe's *Hot Rod* (No. 51), E. H. Barne's *Black Friar* (No. 10) and B. Savidge's *Antelope* (No. 6).

On left—

INBOARD MOTOR-BOATS IN THE "PITS" AT THE WEST OF ENGLAND HYDROPLANE CHAMPIONSHIPS : While the inboards lie awaiting their events mechanics and spectators watch the tiny outboard hydroplanes skim across the sea, buffeted off the surface by every wave they encounter. The outboards were competing for the West of England Championship Trophy. Thousands of holiday-makers gathered to watch at Swanage Bay.

A SURVEY OF THE FOREIGN NEWS IN PICTURES

The New Canadian Pacific Locomotives; Kesselring on Leave from Prison; the Rioting in Mexico; Yachtsmen Across the World



ONE OF THE NEW CANADIAN PACIFIC DIESEL LOCOMOTIVES PULLING A PASSENGER TRAIN THROUGH A MAGNIFICENT ROCKY MOUNTAIN PASS: The rugged wilderness of the Canadian Rockies, first conquered by steam, now echoes to a new mechanical rhythm as the Canadian Pacific Railway's modern streamlined Diesel locomotives, the first to go into service in the Rocky Mountains, replace steam locomotives and inaugurate a new era in Canadian mountain railway transport. This passenger train, seen passing snow-clad peaks near Lake Louise, is drawn by one of the new Diesel locomotives which the Canadian Pacific Railway has acquired since last autumn for transport in the Rockies and Alberta foothills, between Revelstoke, British Columbia, and Calgary, Alberta, one of the toughest railway runs in the world. The conversion is part of an extensive five-year programme to replace steam with Diesel power.

THE FORMER GERMAN FIELD-MARSHAL ALBERT KESSELRING LEAVES PRISON TO VISIT HIS SICK MOTHER: Kesselring, who is serving a life imprisonment for war crimes, is seen with his wife when he was allowed to visit his mother at Bad Wiessee, in Upper Bavaria. Later it was reported that Kesselring himself was ill and had entered a private clinic for an operation. A personal friend of Goering, Albert Kesselring became first Chief of Staff to the Luftwaffe in 1936, and later directed the air operations against Poland, the Netherlands and France. In 1943 he assumed command of all the German forces in Italy and was captured by the Americans two years later. In 1947 he was tried before a British Court in Italy for the massacre of hundreds of Italian civilians, and the death sentence he received was later commuted to one of life imprisonment.

On right—

THE MURAL IN THE NEW STATE DEPARTMENT BUILDING IN WASHINGTON, WHICH HAS AROUSED CONSIDERABLE CONTROVERSY: The United States Foreign Service Journal, an unofficial diplomatic publication, has urged the State Department to "erase, eradicate, expunge, delete, destroy . . . . or decently veil" the great mural seen in this picture which hangs over the State Department's main lobby. The mural shows a tranquil American scene, with newsboys shouting their wares, a drug-store and other aspects of American life, the whole surrounded and overshadowed by a border of soldiers, bombers and screaming eagles. The Journal expresses concern lest foreign diplomats entering the building mistake the mural's purely defensive message as "a posture of aggression" or as "intimidation of the people," in the manner which was adopted by the Hitler and the Mussolini regimes.

AT THE END OF A LONE, THREE-YEAR TRIP ROUND THE WORLD—JACQUES-YVES LE TOUMELIN WAVES FROM HIS 30-FT. SAILING-BOAT AS HE ARRIVES BACK AT LE CROISIC, NEAR ST. NAZAIRE, FRANCE: **He set sail from the same port in the *Kurun* on September 19, 1949, and covered 30,000 miles during his voyage.** The *Kurun* has no auxiliary motor. M. Le Toumelin was escorted into the harbour by a convoy of small sailing craft that had gone out to meet him, and he was welcomed on shore by a large crowd. His first port of call after leaving Le Croisic in 1949, which he left without announcing his intentions, was Vigo. From there he went on to Lisbon and Fedala, in Morocco, where he spent much of the winter. Later he went on to Las Palmas, Martinique, Colon (Panama), and then crossed the Pacific to New Guinea. After calling at Cocos Islands he crossed the Indian Ocean to Durban, rounded the Cape and made his last port of call at St. Helena. During the trip from Fedala to Tahiti M. Le Toumelin was accompanied by a hand, but after Tahiti he was again alone.

SHOWING THE FLAG IN CUBA—A LONDONER ARRIVES IN HAVANA AFTER TRAVELLING 10,000 MILES IN A SMALL SAILING-BOAT: Patrick Ellan, aged thirty-two, of London, seen at Havana, Cuba, where he arrived recently in a small sailing-boat after travelling 10,000 miles in ten months. Accompanied by Colin Mudie of Edinburgh, he left Falmouth, Cornwall, and sailed to Cuba via Spain, Casablanca, the Canary Islands, Barbados and Venezuela. Colin Mudie left the boat at the Cuban island of Pines and then returned to Scotland. During the voyage Ellan grew a goatee beard and acquired "a terrific suntan and quite a few interesting experiences." His boat is 19 ft. 8 ins. long. At the end of his voyage Ellan said: "I shouldn't be surprised if ours is the smallest boat ever to make such a long trip across the ocean."

THE BUCKLED PLATES OF THE TANKER "VICTOR H. KELLY," SEEN LISTING HEAVILY TO PORT AFTER HER OIL CARGO HAD EXPLODED: **The Press photographer was the only person aboard the gutted tanker when he took this dramatic picture.** A fire on the pier at Oleum, California, overheated the *Kelly's* oil compartments as she was discharging her cargo and caused it to explode. Streams of burning oil were thrown high in the air and some fell over the tanker *Lompoc*, berthed near by, starting another fire. There were three fatal casualties, one of them Captain Fulton, master of the *Kelly*, who collapsed while supervising the departure of his crew. The Union Oil Company estimated that the total damage might be as much as 5,000,000 dollars.

***On left*—**
RIOTING IN MEXICO CITY: A mounted policeman waving a sabre and a soldier armed with a tear-gas gun move forward after rioters rolled a flaming barrel of petrol towards them during the recent disturbances. The rioting concerned the Presidential elections. An unofficial count showed that General Henriquez Guzman had been defeated, but he claimed victory in newspaper advertisements. The General's supporters, who later clashed with the police, declared that his rival, Adolfo Cortines, was being installed by fraud. The official results were to be announced on July 21.

PROVING THE STRENGTH OF THE LARGEST WELDED STEEL BRIDGE IN THE WORLD: One hundred fully loaded vehicles advance in a phalanx across the Corneille Bridge in Rouen, proving the strength of the new structure. The two spans, each measuring 580 ft., cross the River Seine between Quai de Paris and Quai St. Sever, joining the two portions of the City of Rouen. It is 96 ft. 4 ins. wide. The bridge, which took three years to build, replaces the old one destroyed during the war-time fighting in France on June 9, 1940. Over 4,830 tons of steel and 13,900 cub. yards of concrete have been used in the construction. Built at a cost of 1,000,000,000 francs, the new bridge will do much to relieve the present heavy pressure of traffic flowing across the river.

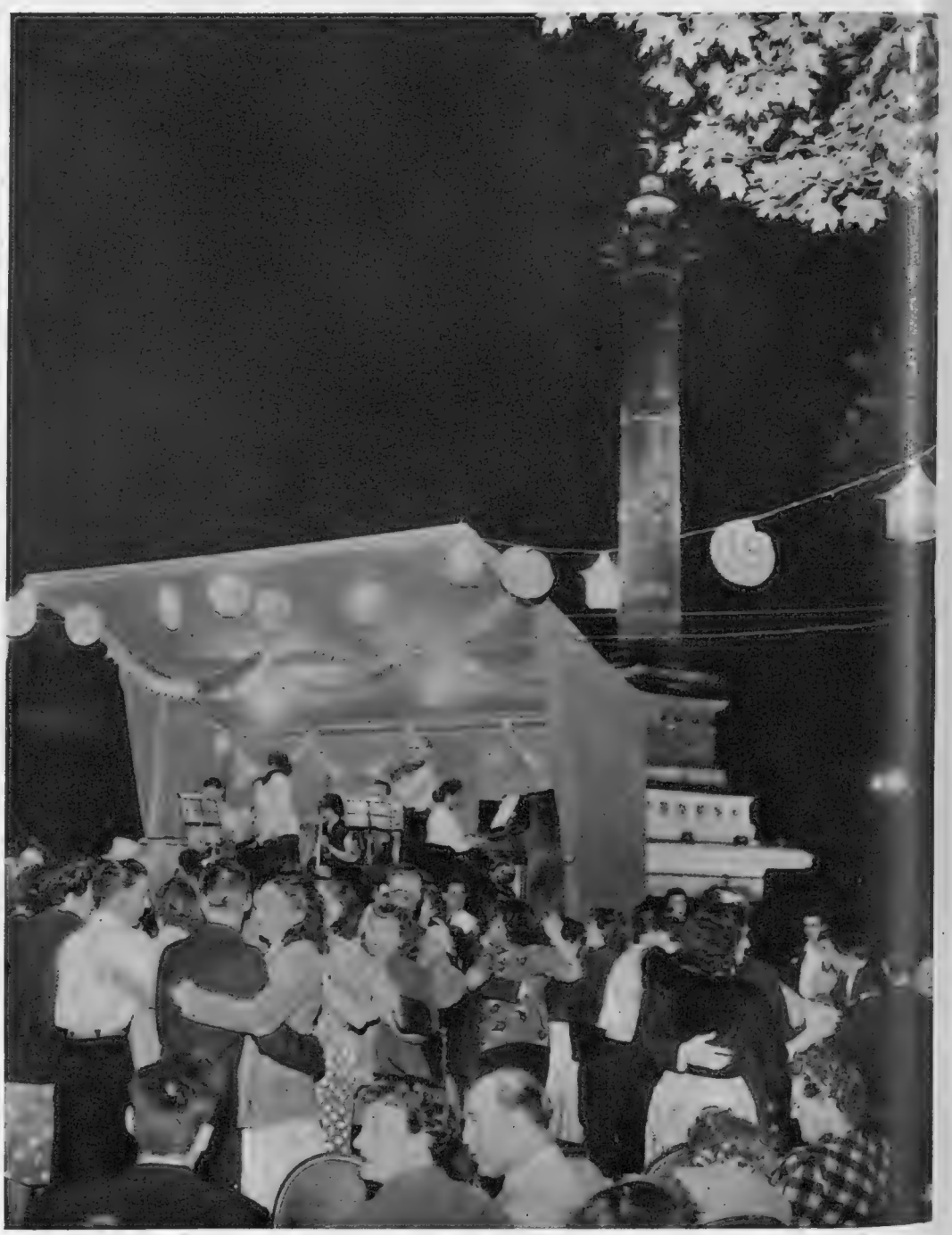
BASTILLE DAY IN PARIS

The French Capital Celebrates the 163rd Anniversary of the Start of the French Revolution

The biggest Bastille Day parade in Paris since the war began with the scream of jets as French fighters flew low over the Champs Élysées. The military parade followed, led by mounted and foot units of the Republican Guard, wearing uniforms of the Second Empire. Next came the Spahis, in their white cloaks; a detachment from the Ecole Polytechnique, in black uniforms and cocked hats; and the cadets of St. Cyr. Algerian and Moroccan units; the Chasseurs Alpines, carrying full equipment, including ropes and picks; and sappers of the Foreign Legion added further colour before the highly mechanised modern troops completed the display of arms. General Ridgway was in the grandstand in the middle of the Champs Élysées, where the President, M. Vincent Auriol, with the Presidents of the Assemblies; M. Pinay and members of the Government, foreign representatives and senior officers watched the march-past. Thousands of visitors mingled with Parisians in the traditional celebrations in the streets following the formal parade. Accordions, small dance bands and radios provided music for dancers in the streets and squares. Although Bastille Day is celebrated at a time when many Parisians have deserted their city for the coast and the country, there were hundreds of thousands left to throng the streets and to make merry until long after the dawn of the following day.

CADETS OF ST. CYR MARCH DOWN THE CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES DURING THE JULY 14 CELEBRATIONS IN PARIS: The bright-red trousers and white-plumed shakos of the St. Cyriens made a bright splash in the biggest parade since the war, in which 13,000 men took part. There were crowds all along the route, despite the fact that thousands of Parisians had left the capital for their annual holidays.

BEFORE THE REVIEW, PRESIDENT VINCENT AURIOL PRESENTS THE BATON TO MARSHAL JUIN: The only living Marshal of France was wearing the crimson sash of the Legion of Honour when the royal blue baton, covered with thirty silver-gilt stars, was conferred upon him by the President.



DANCING IN THE STREETS: The joyous climax following the day's military parade was the dancing, which many had begun on the previous evening. The traditional displays of fireworks started the gaiety, which went on until dawn of the next day. *On the left*, an accordionist plays at the Place de la Bourse; *on the right*, a seven-piece orchestra provides dance music in the Place de la Bastille. The ball at the Hotel de Ville was opened by M. Coirre, President of the Municipal Council, who escorted the Queen of the Halles.

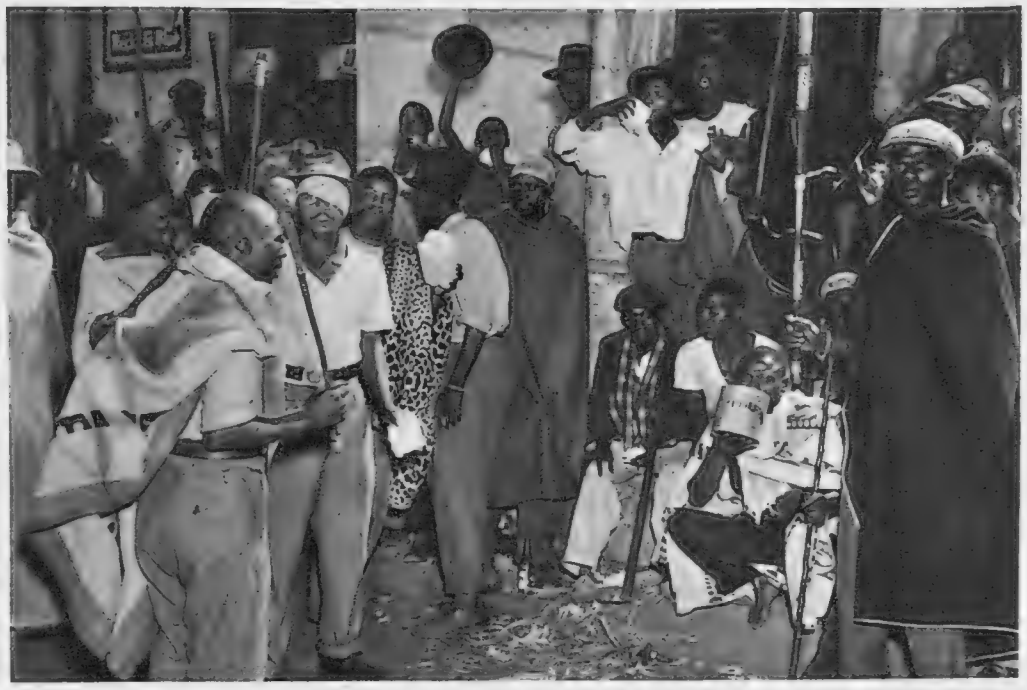
THE IRON CURTAIN OF NEWCLARE, JOHANNESBURG—THE RAILWAY DIVIDING THE TWO SIDES IN A GREAT STRUGGLE BETWEEN AFRICAN GANGSTERS AND CIVIL GUARDS: On the one side are the "Russians," one of the gangs of hardened murderers who have brought a wave of terror to the Rand; on the other is a body known as the "Civil Guards," which is stated to have been formed by citizens to check the crime wave with which they say the police cannot cope. There have been outbreaks of vicious fighting between the two suburban "citadels."

THE CRIME WAR ON THE GOLDEN REEF

A Great Spasm of Lawlessness and Violence Seizes Johannesburg, South Africa's "Golden City"

A "RUSSIAN" ARMED WITH A 2-FT. KNIFE: He was taking part in a war dance and wears the uniform of the "Russians"—a black striped blanket and a feather in his hat.

TWO AFRICANS LISTEN TO AN ADDRESS FROM A "RUSSIAN" LEADER: The organisation of these "Russian" bands is symptomatic of the deep disturbances which are sweeping South Africa.



A STREET SCENE IN THE "RUSSIAN" ZONE OF NEWCLARE, NEAR JOHANNESBURG: These men are alleged to be members of the Rand gang calling themselves "Russians." The caption accompanying this picture says that they were breakfasting off drinks and loaves obtained from a near-by Asiatic shopkeeper.

POLICE GUARD THE BRIDGE OVER THE RAILWAY LINE SEPARATING THE TWO WARRING PARTIES IN THE NEWCLARE, JOHANNESBURG, RIOTING: They worked in shifts, day and night, living on food brought by a mobile canteen. In spite of their efforts, constant fighting between Civil Guards and "Russians" continued for a week.

MEMBERS OF THE CIVIL GUARDS SCATTERED BY THE POLICE: It was alleged that they had found a lone "Russian" in their area of Newclare and had beaten him with sticks. The victim was eventually rescued by a police patrol car.

Against a background of poverty and squalor that few Britons who have not seen it could even imagine, the story of murder, robbery and rape among the non-whites on the Rand rises in a frightening crescendo. Official figures tell that among the 965,000 non-whites in this part of the Union nearly one in every thousand is killed each year, that one in a thousand women is raped and one in every hundred assaulted. The police seem inadequate in numbers to deal with so much violence, and after dark the Rand belongs to the gangsters.

The gangs are many and varied. There are the juvenile "Tsotsis," drunk with beer or opium, who rape, rob and assault; there are the older and more hardened "Russians," who are ready to kill for any price; and there are the lesser gangs calling themselves "Americans" and "Berliners." They smoke opium, play dice and fight among themselves.

Of the big adult gangs the "Russians" are the most feared. Most of them are natives of Basutoland, the British Protectorate. They believe violently in the racial superiority of South African natives, and Dr. Malan's racial laws are an obvious irritation for them. They have a "uniform": black blankets with white stripes over gaberdine trousers and an ostrich feather in their black hats.

A difficult complication in dealing with them was the formation of Vigilante committees by the more respectable coloured people, calling themselves Civil Guards. For a long time a crisis threatened between the "Russians" and the Civil Guards. Now the trouble has come to a head. In the over-crowded slums of Newclare, eight miles outside Johannesburg, the two sides in the struggle became divided by the railway which cuts the district in half. "Non-combatant" supporters of the one or the other crossed to their favoured side and eventually wide-spread fighting broke out.

At least ten people were killed and hundreds were injured, and it was not until a whole week had passed and hundreds of police armed with Sten-guns and rifles had intervened that both sides settled into an uneasy peace. But Newclare is still a war zone; both sides say that only the police prevent them from leaping at each other's throats again.

PIPELINES ACROSS THE DESERT

How the Government of Iraq and the Iraq Petroleum Company are Co-operating in Producing Oil for the Western World

Written and Illustrated by VICTOR COVERLEY-PRICE

The opening in April of the Iraq Petroleum Company's oil pipeline from Kirkuk, in North Iraq, to Banias, the Mediterranean terminal, was another important step in the development of the immense oil reserves of the Middle East. New machinery and equipment is now tapping the vast oil reserves of the Iraq deserts, and the Government of Iraq has ratified a new agreement with the oil companies concerned. Our special artist, Victor Coverley-Price, has made a tour of the Iraq oilfields for THE SPHERE. *He saw how the oil is produced from the earth, pumped across miles of scorching desert and nursed across the seas in the bellies of the great vessels we call tankers. On these pages are the drawings he brought back with him, and in the following article he records his impressions of a fascinating journey.*

PACKING for my journey to Iraq, I wondered whether my old air-raid warden's uniform would be more suitable for a visit to the messy oilfields than my precious and spotless tropical suits. I need not have been anxious. Having flown out to Tripoli, in the Lebanon, I followed the new 30-in. pipeline from its Syrian terminal at Banias all the way to the great oilfield at Kirkuk; I visited the smaller field at Ain Zalah, lying north-west of the ancient city of Mosul; I explored the new field of Zubair, near Basra; and I boarded a tanker that was loading oil at the terminal at Fao, at the head of the Persian Gulf. Throughout this long tour, during which I saw every process and procedure connected with the production of crude oil, I did not see a single drop of oil on its way from the wells to the tankers that carry it away to refineries in many distant parts of the world.

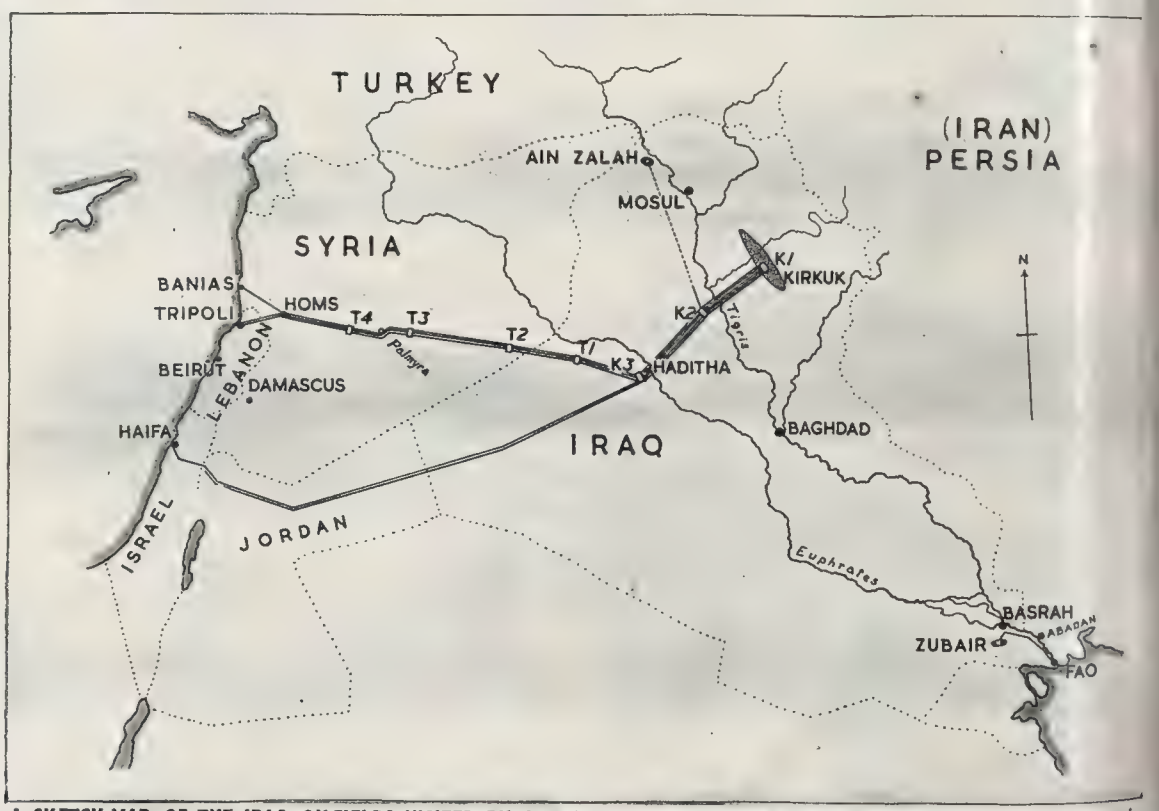
The surface of some of the roads in the neighbourhood of the desert pumping stations had been oiled to keep down the dust, and there were occasional patches of oil in the desert where there had been small leaks in one of the older pipes, but I was astounded to find that the production of oil under the most modern conditions, is an extraordinarily clean and orderly process.

Three companies—the Iraq, Mosul and Basrah Petroleum Companies—are associated together for the production of oil under an agreement ratified between them and the Government of Iraq in February of this year. They comprise British, Dutch, French and American interests, and they give well-paid employment to many hundreds of workers in Iraq, Syria and the Lebanon.

Owing to persistent hostility between Israel and the Arab countries, the southern leg of the 12-in. and 16-in. pipeline system from Kirkuk to the Mediterranean, terminating at Haifa, has been out of commission since 1948. But in spite of this interruption the output from the fields through the new terminals at Banias, in Syria, and Fao, on the Persian Gulf, is increasing rapidly. By the agreement, Iraq statesmen have secured for their country the means of embarking upon a far-reaching scheme of development, and if the activities of the recently formed Iraq Development Board match the Government's wisdom, Iraq should become one of the most advanced and prosperous countries of the Middle East. The new 30-in. pipeline, covering 556 miles from Kirkuk to Banias, which was completed only a few days before my arrival there, will by the end of this year supplement the 8,000,000 tons of oil already flowing annually to Tripoli at a yearly rate of 14,000,000 tons. Several wells at Ain Zalah, near Mosul, have already reached the "pay"—the deep stratum of oil-bearing limestone—but no one can say how much oil will flow from this field until its special 12-in. pipeline, which is now advancing rapidly across the desert towards the green hills around Mosul, has been completed. But the Zubair field, which is now delivering oil at a rate exceeding 2,000,000 tons a year from wells more than 10,000 ft. deep, is expected to produce at least 8,000,000 tons annually after 1955.

Under the terms of the agreement the Iraq Government will receive no less than one-half of the profits from the companies' operations, and it is estimated that its annual revenue from this source will be nearly £60,000,000 sterling by 1955. The Iraq Development Board will have 70 per cent. of this revenue at its disposal for improving the national standard of living, for flood control and irrigation, and for other beneficial schemes.

The oil companies for their part have very heavy expenditure to meet from their share of the profits. Even with the advice of expert geologists it is a hazardous



A SKETCH-MAP OF THE IRAQ OILFIELDS VISITED BY OUR ARTIST IN HIS RECENT TOUR: Victor Coverley-Price flew from England to Tripoli (Lebanon) and travelled along the pipelines by car to the fields at Ain Zalah and Kirkuk. From Baghdad he flew to Basra, to visit the Zubair field and the terminal at Fao, on the Persian Gulf, and then returned to England. The most northerly line from Kirkuk to the new terminal at Banias is the 30-in. pipe. The two lines to Tripoli are 16-in. and 12-in. There are lines to Haifa, but for political reasons their use has been suspended. The line from Ain Zalah to Station K2 is under construction. That from Zubair to Fao began to deliver oil to tankers in December 1951.

THE IRAQ PETROLEUM COMPANY'S NEW OIL PIPELINE TERMINAL AT BANIAS, IN SYRIA, BETWEEN THE HILLS AND THE BLUE MEDITERRANEAN : The picturesque village of Banias lies on the coast, dominated by Margat, a Crusaders' castle on a high hill, which in this picture stands out darkly in the shadow of a passing cloud. In the left half of the picture is the "tank farm," with some oil-storage tanks under construction. The distant buildings to their right belong to the depot and "industrial area"; next comes the tented camp. In the centre is the block of I.P.C. mess buildings, and nearer the sea is the site of the future residential area, with houses under construction. In the foreground is a stack of 30-in. pipe. The pipeline brings oil from the Kirkuk field, 556 miles away in northern Iraq. Special pipelines laid under the sea carry the oil from the tank farm to the big tankers lying about a mile off shore

business to explore the depths of the earth, sometimes two miles below the surface, in the hope of finding oil, and mistakes can be very costly. Once the oil has been found it is necessary to lay pipelines across hundreds of miles of desert to convey the oil to the coast, and to install powerful pumps at intervals to impel it on its way over hill and dale. Around each nucleus of engineers and other experts there gathers a host of ancillary personnel to erect and maintain the numerous installations that are essential for the uninterrupted production of stabilised oil.

All these people have to be housed and fed. Everything they require, as well as every item of equipment needed for drilling, for pipeline construction, for storage tanks, for pump and power houses, for transport and for innumerable allied services, has to be conveyed through the vast regions of desert that intervene between the oilfields and the sea. In this way veritable towns have been created, each labelled with a number and a letter denoting the section of the pipeline on which it lies.

The essential purpose of most of these stations is to boost the oil from the field to the tankers, and to maintain the pipeline and communications in perfect condition. Daily patrols are sent out to ensure that the pipe and the telegraph wires are intact. At Homs depot on the pipeline route I first saw a "Mighty Antar," an enormous pipe-carrying vehicle named after a mythological giant Arab warrior of immense strength, which was used for transporting loads of nine 93-ft. lengths of the 30-in. steel pipe for final welding and laying in the trench across the desert.

More often than not, the regions in which oil is found are inhospitable and remote, and in Iraq the summer is generally very hot. The European personnel, obliged

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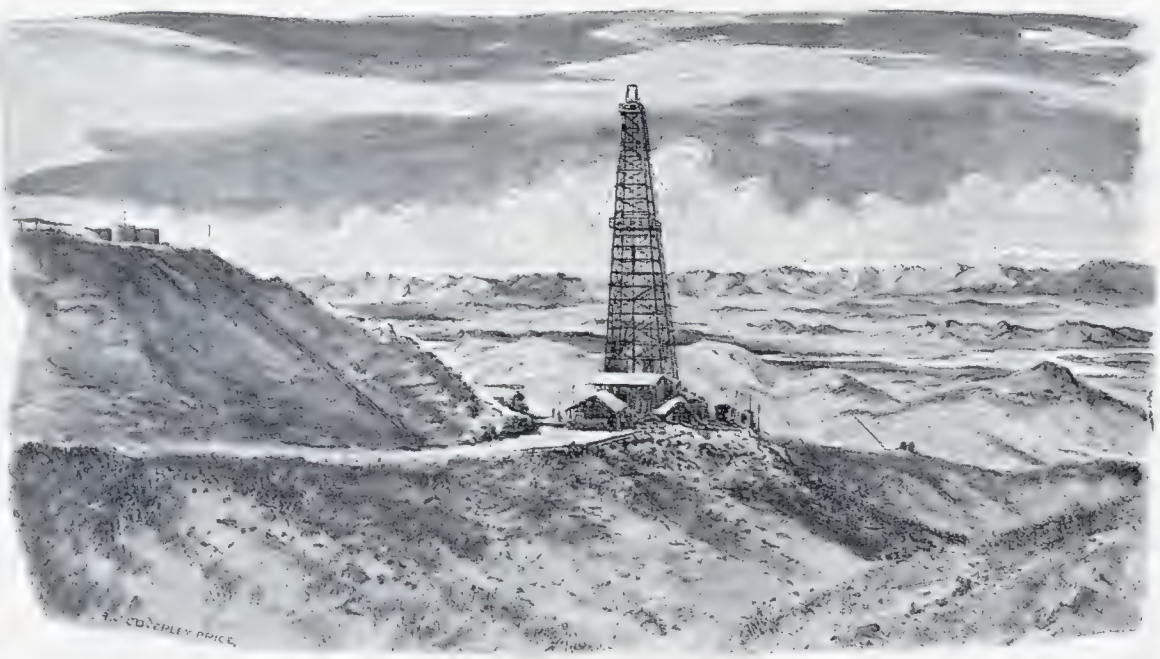


RIG No. 20 ON THE MOSUL PETROLEUM COMPANY'S FIELD AT AIN ZALAH, FROM WHICH OIL WILL BE PUMPED TO THE MEDITERRANEAN AS SOON AS THE PIPELINE, FAST APPROACHING COMPLETION, IS READY : Ain Zalah has a beautiful situation in the hills north-west of Mosul, commanding a magnificent panorama of the mountains of Kurdistan beyond the River Tigris. When this sketch was made the drill suspended from this rig had already reached a depth of about a mile and was expected to enter the "pay"—the oil-bearing limestone—within a day or two.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE IRAQ PETROLEUM COMPANY'S STATION K3, NEAR HADITHA, IN IRAQ, SEEN FROM A POINT NEAR THE GOLF COURSE : This panorama shows the residential area on the left, the industrial area and the power-house, and part of the tank farm on the right—the whole comprising a veritable town which has been set in the midst of the desert.

A GENERAL VIEW OF KIRKUK, IN IRAQ, SHOWING THE OLDEST PART OF THE TOWN ON ITS "TELL," OR HILL, OVERLOOKING THE KIRKUK "CHAI" AND AN EXTENSION OF THE TO STRETCHING ALONG THIS RIVER TO THE LEFT: The river, seen here when nearly dry, has a seasonal flow. The old bridge and the longer new bridge lead to the mod residential area on the right of the picture. In the distance on the extreme left can be seen one of the oil rigs of the Kirkuk field, which was discovered in 19

THE HOUSE AND GARDEN OF THE STATION SUPERINTENDENT AT K3 PUMP STATION, NEAR HADITHA: There are gardens in the desert stations that are gay with a profusion of flowers, proving that the desert can "blossom like the rose" when water is brought for irrigation. Birds sing in the trees and there are lawns grown from special grass from East Africa. But beyond the station the desert extends for miles.

THE EUPHRATES NEAR HADITHA, IN IRAQ: The bridge crosses a creek close to the water-pumping station, where the water of the river is purified before being pumped to Station K3 a mile away. On the right can be seen one of the pylons of the "Blondin," by which lengths of pipe and equipment were carried across the river, during the construction of the pipeline, on a carrier suspended from overhead cables.

PIPELINES ACROSS THE DESER

(Continued from previous page)

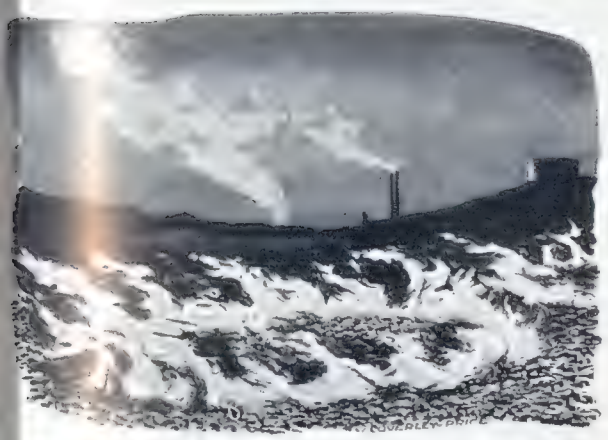
to live and work in such alien surroundings, deserve eve compensation which can be provided. Taking an entir detached view, I have no hesitation in saying that the livi conditions on the oilfields, at the stations along the pi line and at the terminals, are excellent. Development still in progress and the construction work is not yet compl but the amenities at the various stations already compa favourably with those of any small town in England.

Many of the well-built bungalows for families and bachelors, equipped with every modern convenience, includ air-conditioning plant, are far better than the majority of t small houses recently erected under our various municip housing schemes. I stayed in several of the messes and fou them as comfortable as anyone could wish. The bedroo are spacious, with excellent bathrooms adjoining. Ea mess has a billiard-room and a bar, a dining-room and sitting-room—where the literature included copies of Th SPHERE.

In addition there are, or probably soon will be, a clu a swimming-pool, tennis and squash courts, a cinema, a fir rate laundry, a school, an excellent and well-stocked gene store where one can buy even a whole Sunday joint, and some cases there is a well-laid-out desert golf course. Th gardens, perhaps the most striking feature to a visitor arrivi from the desert, blossom magically with a profusion of flowe The members of the covenanted staff have motor-cars at their disposal; and, whether they work on the rigs, in the

WRAPPING A SECTION OF A NEW OIL PIPELINE IN FIBRE GLASS BEFORE LOWERING IT INTO ITS TRENCH: Held by side-boom cranes, the pipe is wrapped with fibreglass an special paper impregnated with bitumen to protect i against corrosion. The ingenious machine seen in th sketch moves slowly along as it automatically wraps th pipe. This is part of a pipeline being laid to bring o from the Mosul Petroleum Company's field at Ain Zal

A BEND IN THE RIVER TIGRIS AT BAGHDAD : This sketch was made from the roof of the Iraq Petroleum Company's Guest House in the capital of Iraq. The Company's Baghdad office also faces the river not far from this point.



"THE BURNING FIERY FURNACE" AT NIGHT : Natural gas escaping from the earth has been burning at this spot since time immemorial and some people believe that this was the furnace into which Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego were cast on the orders of Nebuchadnezzar. Now the surrounding desert is the site of operations by the Iraq Petroleum Company on the great oilfield of Kirkuk.

huge modern power-houses and pumping stations, or in the administrative offices, the conditions are far better than tolerable.

Every station has a fleet of large, modern cars, and I learnt that the motor transport based on K3 (Haditha) travels 250,000 miles a month. There is a regular air service between the stations, and a luxurious Viking aircraft, chartered by the Iraq Petroleum Company from Airwork Limited, makes a weekly round trip from England to the principal centres of the Company's operations, enabling members of the staff to travel quickly either on business or on leave.

The development of the oilfields in Iraq is a colossal undertaking, but thanks to the wisdom and foresight of the Government and the impressive efficiency of the companies concerned, it is progressing rapidly. Every few hours tankers are leaving the terminals at Tripoli, Banias and Fao with their precious burdens of crude oil, and this ceaseless flow is helping to promote prosperity not only in Iraq but in many other lands.

At Fao the tankers are loaded at jetties ; at the Mediterranean terminals the oil is pumped into them through pipelines that extend under the sea to their anchorage nearly a mile off shore. Here the tankers, making use of the famous P.L.U.T.O. system that played so essential a part in the invasion of Europe in 1944, are able to load and depart with the least possible delay. The operations of the Iraq Petroleum Company are like the functions of a heart, pumping vital fluid to invigorate the world.

A NIGHT SCENE IN THE "INDUSTRIAL AREA" ON THE KIRKUK OILFIELD : This drawing shows three Horton Spheres, in which takes place one of the important processes for removing gas from the oil as it comes from the wells. When the oil has passed through the whole of the "de-gassing plant" it emerges as "stabilised" crude oil, ready to be pumped more than 500 miles through the new pipeline to the Mediterranean terminal at Banias. These great spheres, painted—like the huge oil tanks—with aluminium paint to reflect the heat of the sun, have a strange and rather fascinating beauty of their own.

THE SIGNAL STATION OF THE TRIPOLI OIL TERMINAL: The oil flows from the "tank farm" to the "manifold," part of which is seen under the roof on the left and where it is controlled by valves. Pipes laid under the sea carry it from the "manifold" to the tankers at their berths about a mile off shore. When a tanker is being loaded at full speed four red flags are hoisted on the corresponding mast. The twin flexible hoses through which the oil flows into the tanker's hold can just be seen against the side of the ship, aft of the centre castle. From here the tankers, loaded to the plimsol, speed back to the great refineries of the United Kingdom. In heavy seas their decks are often awash and their crews use catwalks, characteristic of tankers, to move about the ships.

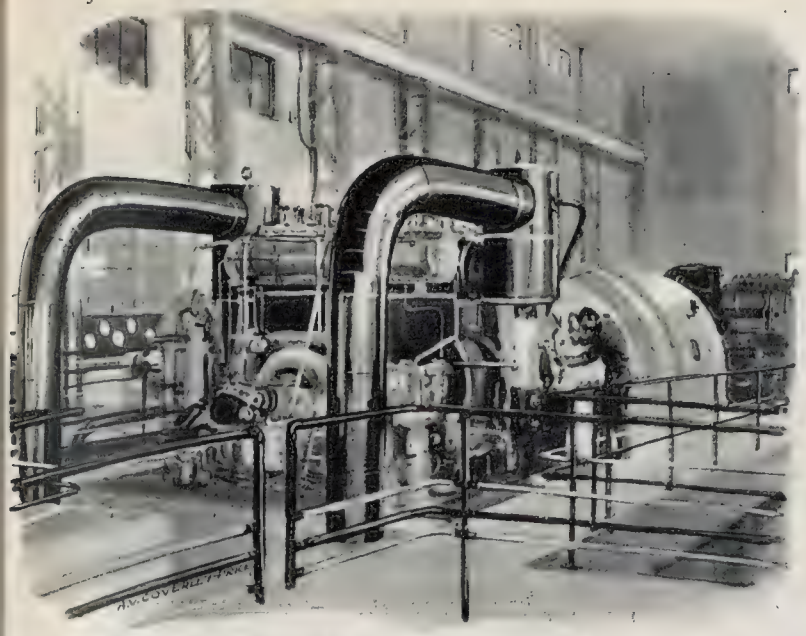
PIPELINES ACROSS THE DESERT

(*Continued*)

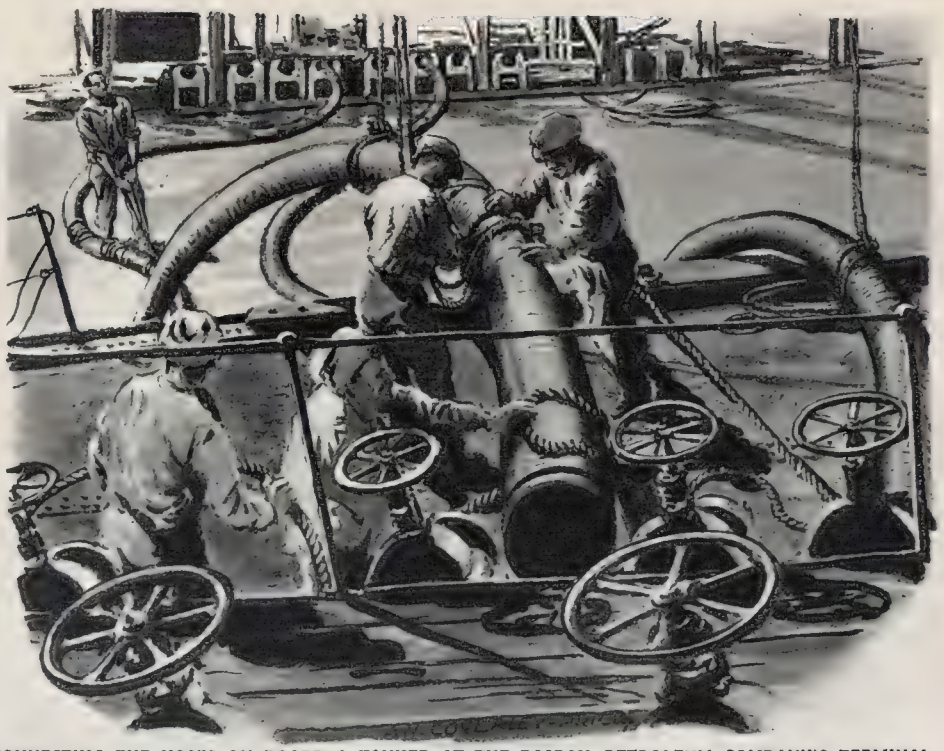
FEEDING THE OIL TANKERS

A PAGE FROM THE ARTIST'S SKETCH-BOOK, SHOWING IRAQ TYPES: The central figure is a typical Kurd. Some of these fine men can carry phenomenal loads on their backs. Above him are two Arabs, seated in a café. Beside them is a woman milk-seller carrying her burden on her head, a habit universal in the East, lending the women extraordinary grace of carriage. Below her is a worker in the brass market in Baghdad. The other figures are men employed on the pipeline. One of them is wearing dungarees.

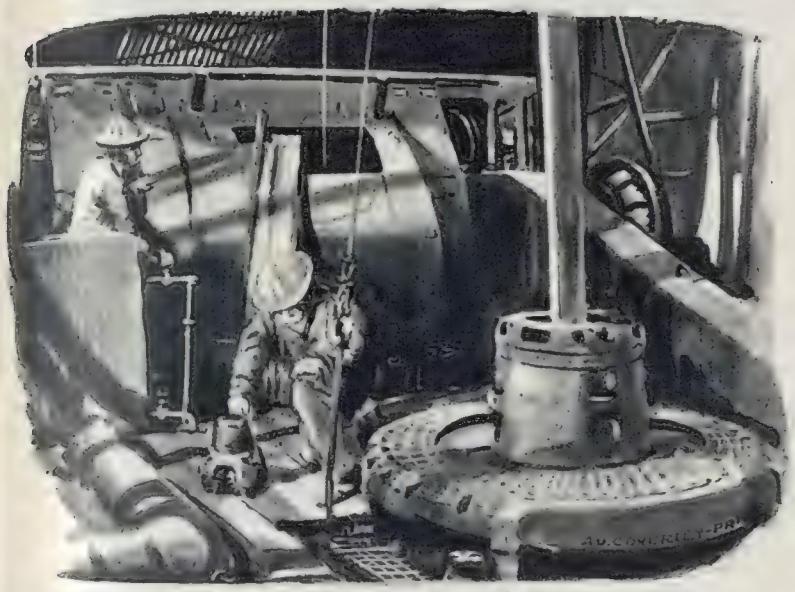
THE TRIPOLI TERMINAL IN THE LEBANON, SEEN FROM THE FLOATING ROOF OF ONE OF THE OIL-STORAGE TANKS IN THE "TANK FARM": Close to the shore can be seen the signal station with red flags flying from three of the four masts, indicating that the three tankers lying about a mile offshore are being filled at full speed. The oil is pumped more than 500 miles from Kirkuk, in North Iraq, and it flows from the tanks to the ships through special pipelines, rather like the famous Pluto wartime system, laid under the sea. To the left of the picture, on the coastal road, is the small refinery.



ONE OF THE GREAT TURBINES IN THE POWER-HOUSE AT KIRKUK : This station generates enough electricity for a fair-sized town and it provides the power for the pumps that send the oil on its way through the new 30-in. pipe to Banias, on the Mediterranean seaboard. The interior of the power-house is decorated in cream and aluminium, and everything is clean and shining, giving an impression of great power combined with beauty.



CONNECTING THE HOSES ON BOARD A TANKER AT THE BASRAH PETROLEUM COMPANY'S TERMINAL AT FAO, WHERE THE SHIPS COME ALONGSIDE SPECIAL JETTIES CONSTRUCTED IN THE SHATT-AL-ARAB : The oil comes from the new field of Zubair, about 70 miles away, where the average depth of the wells is about two miles. These wells are some of the deepest producers in the world and about four times the average depth of those at Kirkuk.



On left—

A SKETCH MADE ON THE PLATFORM OF AN OIL RIG : The steel column on the right is the drill, boring the well thousands of feet down into the earth. One of the men is controlling the engine that drives the drill, the other is examining a worn-out "bit." The men are wearing helmets as a protection against a possible fall of nuts or bolts, shaken loose by the continual vibration.

On right—

A LIVING-ROOM IN ONE OF THE EXCELLENT MODERN BUNGALOWS FOR THE COVENANTED STAFF OF THE IRAQ PETROLEUM COMPANY : These are most comfortable quarters. In places where the weather is hot in summer, air-conditioning plant has been installed. The kitchen equipment, thoroughly up-to-date, includes a large refrigerator.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE LOVELY MEDIEVAL VILLAGE OF LONG CRENDON IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, WHICH B.B.C. CHIEFS HAVE CHOSEN AS BRITAIN'S TELEVISION CORONATION VILLAGE: It was selected as a perfect example of British rural life, and the villagers will star in an official television film, to be broadcast in this country and abroad, showing how Britain is preparing for the Coronation festivities next year. According to Farmer Hawes, whose family has farmed land in the district since 1635, the people of Long Crendon have had a reputation for being in the news since the time of the Romans. Now many of them are to appear on television screens throughout the world.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH OF LONG CRENDON: He is 68-year-old Frederick Arnott, whose business goes back 200 years.

TELEVISION'S CORONATION VILLAGE

The Little Buckinghamshire Village of Long Crendon is Chosen for a Coronation T.V. Film

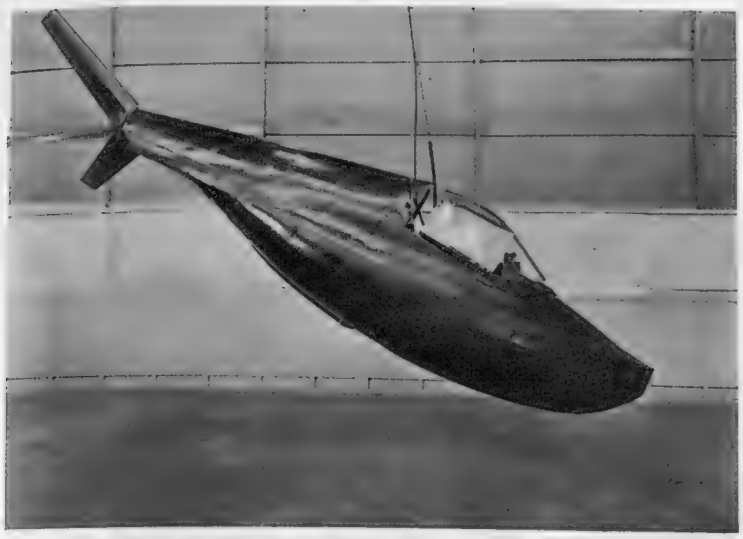
LONG CRENDON GIRLS PERFORM A TRADITIONAL DANCE IN THE GROUNDS OF THE OLD MANOR: This is how the villagers will celebrate the Coronation next year and the cameras were there to record it.

A STREET SCENE IN LONG CRENDON: Though electricity and telegraph wires festoon the street, some of the lovely old cottages are still thatched. The cottages on the right are decorated with flags for the television film showing how the towns and villages of Britain will be preparing for the Coronation next year.

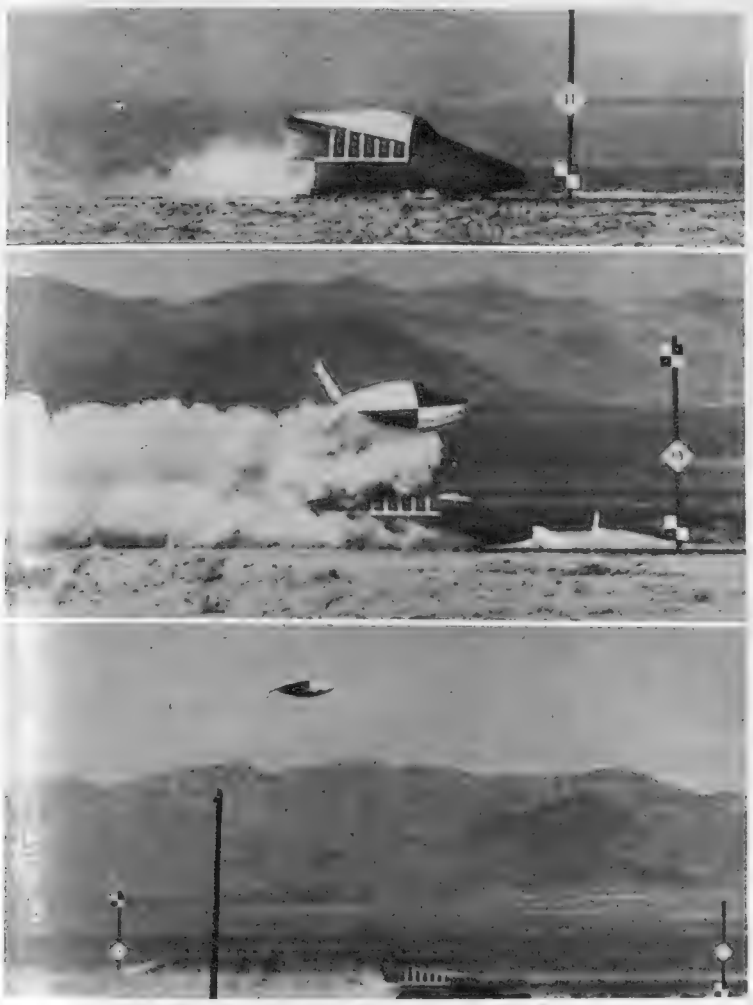
THE HOST AND HOSTESS OF LONG CRENDON'S EIGHT BELLS: They are seen in the Edwardian costumes they wore for the village fête.

ROCKETING THE PILOT TO SAFETY

The New Method of Pilot Escape from Supersonic Jets at High Altitudes Enables the Entire Cockpit to be Discharged from the Plane



A MOCK-UP OF THE EJECTABLE COCKPIT USED IN THE NEW METHOD OF PILOT ESCAPE RECENTLY DESCRIBED TO MEMBERS OF THE NATIONAL AVIATION WRITERS' ASSOCIATION AT DOUGLAS AIRCRAFT COMPANY'S EL SEGUNDO DIVISION, CALIFORNIA: The new device is a capsule designed as the cockpit of a fast jet, expelled from the plane by rocket charge as a self-contained compartment in a critical emergency.



THREE STAGES IN THE EJECTION OF THE COCKPIT CAPSULE DURING TESTS AT SPEEDS ESTIMATED AT 760 MILES PER HOUR: These three pictures, taken at the Naval Ordnance Test Station at Inyokern, show at top the cockpit enclosed in the nose of a "plane," about to start on its rocket-thrust journey along the 10,000-ft.-long aero-ballistic test track; centre, the compartment as it was ejected from the parent body; and below, soaring through the air before coming in to land.

AN EJECTION TEST OF THE NEW PILOT-ESCAPE DEVICE AT A CALIFORNIAN DEMONSTRATION GROUND: When the cockpit capsule was rocket-ejected from a stationary rig into a rope net at the Douglas El Segundo Division in late 1951, so that engineers could observe its trajectory, the compartment attained a height of 105 ft. before hitting the net. Sealed and pressurised against fatal atmospheric conditions above 50,000 ft. and the buffets of supersonic flight, the compartment was designed by the Douglas Company for the U.S. Navy. As soon as the rocket charge discharges the compartment from the aircraft three fins unfold at the rear of the body to stabilise its flight and a small parachute is released to slow it down. Tension on the small parachute opens a main parachute, which then suspends the cockpit with its pilot in their descent to the ground.

THE COMPARTMENT FLOATS ON WATER AND IS INSULATED AGAINST COLD WEATHER: During recent tests carried out in rough seas off Long Beach, California, a crane mounted on a tug dropped the cockpit capsule into the water at 25 ft. per second to simulate its descent by parachute and the compartment floated successfully for an extended period.

FIRING TESTS OVER THE CALIFORNIAN DESERT—THE U.S. AIR FORCE'S NEW F-94C STARFIRE INTERCEPTOR FIRES ITS ALL-ROCKET ARMAMENT: This picture was taken a split second after the Aeromite 2·75-in. rockets had left the firing tubes situated in the nose of the fast-flying jet. At the instant of firing, smoke plumes stream rearward, almost enshrouding the plane. The Starfire, now in production at the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation's works at Burbank, California, carries twenty-four Aeromites, the product of the Aerojet Engineering Company, Azusa. More than 1,200 lb. of electronic equipment enables the all-weather fighter to spot the enemy track, close, aim and fire even though the crew may never see their target. The plane is powered by a Pratt and Whitney J-48 turbo-jet engine.

THE PORT OF KANGAMIUT, ON THE WEST COAST OF GREENLAND, JUST SOUTH OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE: The coast of Greenland is characterised by rugged cliffs, rising sheer from the ocean, with deep and tortuous fiord-like, glacier-filled indentations, piercing inland in some cases for nearly 100 miles. This year Greenland is being visited by an expedition from Britain, and by a group of scientists whose task is to extract lead, zinc and wolfram from the mountains. Already stationed in Greenland is an American Military Establishment, the rearguard of a wartime base. Since 1948, Greenland has been very much in the news, for it has been decided by the Danish Government that the western coast should be developed economically.

GREENLAND MERGES WITH THE MODERN AGE

A Survey of Denmark's Colonial Possession Within the Arctic Circle which is now Faced with the Problems of Transition and which is Being Visited by Expeditions from Many Countries

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE PORT OF GODTHAAB, THE CAPITAL OF GREENLAND, ON THE WEST COAST: The area of the country is about 826,000 square miles, more than half of it consisting of ice-cap. In 1951 the Danish Government signed an agreement with America for the common defence of the country.

THIS is the Greenland season. The dominant feature of the sky may still be dark cloud-banks. Sudden mists encompass even the wary. But there is a feeling of sharpest springtime, the sun shines palely through and on occasion *warms* during twelve or fourteen weeks between June and September. And daylight is so protracted. Hence the descent of visitors from outside at this time of year.

The King of Denmark sails into harbour; a British North Greenland expedition is bidden God-speed by Queen Elizabeth II; a group of 140 scientists and technicians representing Danish, Swedish and Canadian firms leaves Copenhagen; United States forces, aircraft, ships, supplies, builders, engineers, traders, are added to those already in the ice-capped island—or, rather, islands.

Let schoolmasters get out their atlases and envisage Greenland as divided in two, so that pupils may no longer be misled into calling it "the world's largest island." According to M. Paul Emile Victor, leader of last year's Expéditions Polaires Françaises, Greenland consists of two islands, owing to the presence of deep sounds running from west coast to east coast (alas, I have mislaid exactly where).

The Greenland season is no new thing. As far back as 1721, 3,000 Europeans (mostly Scandinavians) had settled in South Greenland, where their presence meant the annual arrival of Danes and Norwegians. Later, whalers and expeditions of other lands joined the brief summer party. The difference now is that the party is a permanent one, and that the number attending it will increase from year to year.

Greenland is being drawn into this modern age after having been for climatic reasons largely untouchable for nearly ten centuries. The immediate reason is the cold war. Greenland lies across the shortest air route between Moscow-Leningrad and Montreal-New York, i.e., the huge glacier-studded, mountainous white mass, measuring 1,600 by 800 miles, represents the first opposition to any attack which the Soviet Union might launch on North America's industrial East.

The laying of modern man's hand upon Greenland was clinched by the inclusion of Denmark's Arctic colony in the North Atlantic Defence (N.A.T.O.) area and by the subsequent definition of Greenland as part of the Western Hemisphere defence system in the inter-American treaty of Rio de Janeiro.

THE DANISH COLONY OF GREENLAND: A special sketch-map showing some of the country's principal towns.

MINING THROUGH SNOW AND ICE—THE KYROLIT OPEN-CAST MINES AT IVIGTUT, SOUTH-WEST GREENLAND: The stone mined here is used in the production of aluminium and other metals. On the east coast there are vast quantities of lead, estimated at 1,000,000 tons.

TWO GREENLAND HUNTERS IN KAYAKS: Fishing is carried on extensively round the coasts, with cod and haddock as the principal catch. When seal-hunting gave way as a native pre-occupation and cod-fishing took its place, the catches were not put to proper use, and there was a certain amount of waste.

A BRITISH PLANE FLYING OVER THE MOUNTAINS OF SOUTHERN-CENTRAL GREENLAND: The ice patrol of the American Coast Guard is now a regular feature of that force, and it is their duty to plot the course of icebergs as they drift down to the sea. From year to year the ice patrol bring in new and valuable photographic records of the coast.

THE HOME OF A WELL-TO-DO SEALER IN THE NORTH-WEST: The family, including the father-in-law and the mother-in-law, are sitting on the family bed. The wife is drinking coffee while the husband is cleaning a narwhal tooth.

Greenland would have been up for development in any case. Fisheries, mineral potentiality, meteorological and flying factors—all pointed that way. What is transpiring is an intensive application of what might have been strung out over decades. Figuratively speaking, the cold war is propelling Greenlanders at supersonic speed from the kayak to the jet age.

A tiny people, still in a primitive hunting state, is being introduced to the latest marvels of the time, and to the men who work them, and what effect it will have is a subject of worry to the Danes, who have painstakingly and for generations protected the native-born population from contamination from without.

The Danes have been obliged to end the economic monopoly of the Danish Board of Greenland, and the main purpose of King Frederick's visit is to reassure Greenlanders with regard to their future. Their past has ended with a snap.

First, in the long ago, there were Eskimos, whose origin is still a matter of dispute (American? Mongol?). First Europeans to land were Norse in the tenth century, and they ruled the roost until the early fifteenth century, when Icelanders and Danes superseded them. There was an echo of this in the '30's, when Norway and Denmark disagreed about ownership of a strip of Greenland territory, agreed to go before the World Court at The Hague, and to abide by the judgment delivered, and did so. (Norway lost.)

In a thousand years the Greenlanders have developed a distinct, unique nationality of their own, part Eskimo, part European, but so mixed as to be alien both to Europe and North America. Their language (origin untraceable) survives. They had no written language until some eighty years ago, and such little as is known of their antecedents comes from folklore handed down by nineteenth-century missionaries, who learnt to read Greenlandish.

By 1900 fewer than 12,000 Greenlanders were believed to be in existence. They seemed to be dying out. Care for them as they would, the Danes could not prevent their charges catching tuberculosis, nor their teeth from decaying through eating European food.

That 24,000 Greenlanders are known to exist to-day reflects much credit on Danish administration in the past fifty years. A State Health Service, including school meals and sanatoria, was introduced. A State monopoly in trade operated beside the social services so as to protect the Greenlanders from contact with white traders and their vices.

Until the inter-war years seal-hunting was almost the sole native pre-occupation. A Danish Commission took what the Greenlanders offered—mainly blubber—and gave food, clothing and tools in return. No money passed. Any profit left over went into a welfare fund for Greenlanders. It sounds Utopian enough, but there came the inevitable snag. The seals began to thin out—stupidly decimated—and when codfish came to the rescue, they, too, were caught in a wasteful manner.

Such was roughly the position until April 1941, when Denmark gave the United States rights to operate bases in Greenland, whose great value lay in the facilities afforded for naval action, air passage, weather stations, and radar development. The Germans had been the first to tumble to this. Three times they tried to land small, expert expeditions—in 1941, 1942 and 1944—to be dealt with on each occasion by the Danes.

The Americans were to stay in Greenland "until the present danger is passed." But when that time came, they stayed on at some bases and at their own weather stations. Kites were even flown in Washington, hinting that Denmark should sell Greenland, being incapable of defending it and developing its resources.

The Danes met this campaign by sending hundreds of their own men to operate all Greenland's weather stations. And in the face of Communist taunts that the Government was preparing to sell Greenland, as a predecessor had sold the Virgin Isles to the United States in 1917, solemn declarations were made to the contrary.

"We shall never sell our last remaining colony," declared Eske Brun, who governed Greenland throughout the last war and afterwards represented the territory in the Copenhagen Parliament. "Americans," he went on, "are investing a great deal of money in Greenland, but that is all."

That is not quite all: the Danes are altering the economic system of Greenland to suit American capitalistic enterprise. A five-year plan encompasses this radical change. Another innovation makes for joint Danish-American defence.

Four private companies have been licensed for the development of fishing, sheep-farming and mining. These companies are nominally Danish, and they have just been followed by a fifth company formed by sixty Danish, Swedish and Canadian firms to extract lead, zinc and wolfram, from mountains and extinct volcanoes hidden under inland ice in the Mestersvig region.

An initial capital of £700,000 should cover further investigations, and the construction of an airstrip, a small port, roads, tunnels and mines. About 400,000 tons of ore are known to exist, and if there is an indication of the 2,000,000 tons expected, up will go the company's capital to the vicinity of £7,000,000, Sweden and Canada sharing 45 per cent. This enterprise is typical of what lies ahead in the international sphere, for though the Americans are bound to be in the ascendancy, Greenland is being left open to all friendly and useful comers.

Hence the interest in Britain's Expedition, the first part of which sailed in the *Tottan*. Objects of the two-year sojourn in Queen Louise Land, near the East Coast, are scientific, meteorological, to study flying techniques, and to gain experience of living at 8,500 ft. by the frozen Lake Britannia, 800 miles from the North Pole.

Five Sunderlands will drop 150 tons of supplies at the lakeside base, in addition to members of the expedition. Two Hastings will fly farther inland to establish and provision four men for a year, who will have journeyed 250 miles with dog-sledges.

There were 8,000 Americans in Greenland by 1945. There could be more Americans in Greenland, than Greenlanders, should the cold war drag on a few more years.

Ere then much should have changed in the lives of the Greenlanders. Already they are leaving their isolated huts for small settlements and local government. The hunter is becoming the trained fisherman.

The Americans are revolutionising fishing by the introduction of power-boats, freezing plant and canning. They work with the Greenlanders on a co-operative basis, through the Danes. Everything is supposed to go forward "through the Danes," as heretofore. But the Danes are worrying. They worry about the Greenlanders coming into such close contact with the Americans, and about the effect of the passage from barter to money.

The fond Danish hope is to see the Greenlander population rise to 40,000, deemed the maximum possible while maintaining present living standards, and to keep all the Greenlanders, now and in the future, under Denmark's sovereign and protecting wing.

ROYALTY at a LONDON WEDDING

THE CONSECRATION AND ENTHRONEMENT OF THE NEW BISHOP OF GLASGOW AND GALLOWAY

And Other Home News in Pictures

THE HON. GERALD LASCELLES AND MISS ANGELA DOWDING LEAVE ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH, WESTMINSTER, AFTER THEIR WEDDING: They are followed by their page, Malcolm Forbes, and by the four bridesmaids, Miss Mary Evans, Miss Natasha Imeretinsky, Miss Prudence Fox and Miss Amanda Theophilus. The twenty-seven-year-old bridegroom, the second son of the Princess Royal, is a cousin of the Queen, who, owing to a chill, was unable to attend the wedding. The thirty-three-year-old bride is the daughter of Lady Fox and the stepdaughter of Sir John Fox. Many members of the Royal family were present in the church. The Archdeacon of Westminster, Canon Charles Smyth, and the Rev. H. H. Griffith took part in the service. The bride, who was given away by her stepfather, wore a full-skirted gown of parchment satin, with a low, petal-shaped neckline and a row of small buttons down to the tight-fitting waist, and a long train. Her long tulle veil was held in place by a coronet of stephanotis and lilies-of-the-valley, and she carried a fan-shaped spray of stephanotis, lilies-of-the-valley, tuberoses and lapageria. Before going on to the reception at St. James's Palace the bride and bridegroom called on Queen Mary at Marlborough House.

THE PRINCESS ROYAL IS ESCORTED FROM THE CHURCH BY THE BRIDE'S STEPFATHER: Following just behind are Lady Fox, the bride's mother, Lord Harewood, the bridegroom's elder brother, and the best man, Viscount Boyne. The Princess Royal was dressed in a patterned silk dress of white and violet shades, and a big white hat lined with violet. Also at the church were the parents of Lady Harewood, the Marquess of Milford Haven and Mr. Benjamin Britten.

THE ROYAL GUESTS AT THE WEDDING: The Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of Gloucester and Lady Patricia Ramsey seen waiting for their cars after the service. Also among the Royal party were Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, the Earl of Athlone, Princess Marie Louise and Lady Abel Smith.

THE SCENE AT THE UNITED NATIONS ASSOCIATION GARDEN PARTY AT NO. 10, DOWNING STREET: The party was held to celebrate the raising of £100,000 from a national appeal. The proceeds from the party were also given to the Association's funds. Among the many well-known people who were present were Mr. Selwyn Lloyd and Dr. Gilbert Murray, O.M., both of whom addressed the gathering. Many members of the Diplomatic Corps attended. The guests were received by Lady Violet Bonham Carter and Mrs. Duncan Sandys, in the absence of Mrs. Churchill.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH RECEIVES A SMART SALUTE FROM AN A.A. PATROLMAN AS HE ARRIVES AT THE SAVOY HOTEL TO PRESIDE AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION : Prince Philip is accompanied by Canon F. W. Hassard-Short, the Chairman of the A.A. Walking just in front is Mr. W. V. Gibson, the Secretary. At the lunch which followed the meeting, Mr. Alan Pitt Robins proposed a toast to the Duke and to the A.A. In his speech, the Duke said that he would like to see an amalgamation of all the various institutions working in the interests of road safety. "At the moment," he said, "I get the impression that each organisation is working in a watertight compartment. If this could be tackled as a joint operation, with the full glare of publicity upon it, it would avoid nebulous ideas and produce concrete regulations and suggestions for people to work to." He also said that he was glad to see that remarks that he had made last year on rear lighting seemed to have been fruitful, and that now the standard of rear lighting was much higher than it had been previously.

AN IRISH PIPE BAND AND DANCERS, FOLLOWED BY THE CROWD, MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE STREETS OF LLANGOLLEN, WALES, TO TAKE PART IN THE INTERNATIONAL EISTEDDFOD : Every year for the past six years singers, dancers and musicians from many foreign lands have travelled to the quiet Valley of Llangollen, where, with their Welsh hosts, they compete together in an atmosphere of warm friendliness, fostered by the universal appeal of the arts they practise. This year there were competitors from France, Sweden, Austria, the Ukraine, Italy, England, Spain, and many other countries at the International Eisteddfod, which is not to be confused with the Welsh National Eisteddfod, of great antiquity.

***On left*—**
REPRESENTATIVES OF DIOCESES IN ENGLAND, SCOTLAND AND IRELAND, GO IN PROCESSION TO ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL FOR THE CONSECRATION OF THE NEW BISHOP OF THE UNITED DIOCESE OF GLASGOW AND GALLOWAY : The Consecration of Canon Francis Moncrieff by the Primus of the Episcopal Church in Scotland, the Most Rev. T. Hannay, Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, took place during the Celebration of the Eucharist on the feast day of the Translation of St. Swithun. Later in the same day the new bishop was enthroned in the presence of 1,000 people.

***On right*—**
THE NEWLY CONSECRATED BISHOP KNOCKS THRICE UPON THE DOOR OF HIS CATHEDRAL TO SEEK PERMISSION TO ENTER : Standing just inside the door to receive the new Bishop was the Cathedral Provost.

THE MASSED PARADE—THE GRAND CLIMAX OF THE SEARCHLIGHT TATTOO, AT THE WHITE CITY STADIUM : 1,500 performers, nearly all of them troops in full dress, and eighteen bands were in the arena when this impressive picture was taken. It was the triumphant close of the White City Searchlight Tattoo. Earlier events included marching displays by the women's branches of the Army and Air Force, and the younger sections of the armed forces were represented by the Lewisham and Tooting Sea Cadet Force, who gave a demonstration of spar drill. The Musical Ride of the Household Cavalry, rivalled by the Royal Horse Artillery's Musical Drive, thrilled all who saw them. The audience of 50,000 was given a glimpse of the power that this country could call upon if ever the need should arise.

LONDON'S FLOCK OF SHEEP PATIENTLY AWAITING THEIR BATH : The flock of sheep, which are, at present, grazing in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, were passed through the sheep dip in the Leaf Yard at Kensington Gardens. They belong to Mr. Stanley Wooton, of Epsom. Recently a new method of spraying the animals was demonstrated in Kensington Gardens. This was the Downham-Simplex Animal Sprayer, which consists of a tubular steel frame over which is stretched a canvas cover. Its main advantage is that fifty sheep can be sprayed in one minute by one man—much quicker than the dipping process shown above. It is claimed that spraying is less of a shock to the animals than the older method.

THE LUNTS RETURN

Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne at the Manchester Opera House; and other News of Theatre and Films

MARCHIONESS AND RAILROAD KING: Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt in the Manchester première of Noël Coward's Victorian comedy *Quadrille*. Manchester rose to acclaim the first actors of the American stage in the play which Noël Coward wrote especially for them. The Lunts last appeared in England during the war, in *Love In Idleness*. In *Quadrille*, Miss Fontanne, who was born at Woodford, in Essex, plays a Marchioness, whose husband runs away with the wife of an American railway tycoon (Alfred Lunt). The injured parties set out to win back their erring partners and themselves fall in love during the pursuit. The part of the Marquess is taken by Griffiths Jones; of his *amour*, the wife of the railway king, by Marian Spencer. Joyce Carey plays Lady Harriet, a friend of the Marchioness. Mr. Coward has scored another big success with his new romantic comedy, as has Cecil Beaton with his first sets for a Coward play. Next week *Quadrille* goes to Edinburgh for a fortnight, and then will be played for two weeks in Glasgow and Liverpool before coming to the Phœnix Theatre on Friday, September 12.

MARGARET TRUMAN AND SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN: President Truman's daughter, who came to England in the *United States* on its first and record-breaking run, went down to Shepperton Film Studios, where London Films are making the new Launder and Gilliat picture, *Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Sullivan*. With her are Martyn Green in costume as Koko in *The Mikado*, Maurice Evans as Mr. (later Sir) Arthur Sullivan, Ann Hanslip as Yum-Yum and Thomas Round as Nanki-Poo. Robert Morley is playing W. S. Gilbert in the film, which is nearly completed, and which will be shown towards the end of this year. Bridget D'Oyly Carte has given her blessing to the production and has lent many valuable relics, including the fan held by Martyn Green. It originally belonged to George Grossmith, the first great D'Oyly Carte comedian.

***On left*—SIR RALPH RICHARDSON AS THE FOX AND SIOBHAN McKENNA AS CELIA IN THE STRATFORD-UPON-AVON PRODUCTION OF BEN JONSON'S "VOLPONE": The final production of this year's season at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre gives Sir Ralph Richardson the opportunity for a richly comic impersonation.** In "A Stratford Preview," written for THE SPHERE in March of this year, Anthony Quayle, the Director of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, described *Volpone* as "Ben Jonson's fierce comedy of villainy . . . strongly seventeenth century, Jacobean, bustling and—by comparison with Shakespeare—curiously inhumane." George Devine has given it a spectacular production, using all the resources of the latest stage machinery. Anthony Quayle plays Mosca, Volpone's sinister servant, who encourages the scheme whereby gifts are showered on the Fox by legacy-hunters who believe he is dying. Sir Ralph Richardson makes a richly comic character of Volpone, but he has been criticised as failing to convey the essential foxiness and wickedness of the aged Venetian miser.

A MILLIONAIRESS BLUES SINGER: Libby Holman gives a recital of ballads and Negro sing-songs at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. Before the war, Miss Holman became known as the greatest of torch singers, and the famous *Body and Soul* was written for her. Now she has abandoned torch singing and gives recitals of Negro folk songs "for the love of it." She is giving five recitals this week, accompanied by her pianist composer, Gerald Cook. Libby Holman inherited over £2,000,000 from her son, who died last year while on a climbing expedition. Her first husband was Zachary Smith Reynolds, the tobacco millionaire. Miss Holman has only appeared once before in London, when she crossed the Atlantic to sing three songs at the Derby Ball in 1937.

THE COURT SCENE IN "VOLPONE" AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON: Left to right are Sir Ralph Richardson as Volpone, the Fox; Anthony Quayle as his servant, Mosca; Raymond Westwell as Voltore, and the four judges. George Devine's production has been highly praised for its lavishness.

THE RESTORATION OF YORK MINSTER

The Conversion of Trumpeters' House, and the Re-tiling of the Bredon Tithe Barn

WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE RESTORATION OF YORK MINSTER: *Left*—A workman engaged in renewing the lead covering of the steeple roof of the chapter-house built at the turn of the twelfth century. *Right*—A stone-carver at work on the head of a cock, which is to be used as a gargoyle on the west front. The west front of the Minster has caused most trouble during the present restoration work, for the two towers were in a bad state of decay. In 1950 the Dean and Chapter launched an appeal for £250,000, nearly half of which sum was required for work on the west front. Restorations of the west front were made in the first years of the nineteenth century, and again—though incompletely—between 1900 and 1905. In this later restoration the eight pinnacles on the north-west tower had to be left untouched for lack of funds, and other stones then passed as fit for further service were later found to be decayed to the point of being dangerous. Three weeks ago a workman mounted to the highest point in the apex of the steeple roof of the chapter-house to achieve the record of being the first man in more than two centuries to reach the summit of the 66-ft.-high central oak post.

***On left*—**

TRUMPETERS' HOUSE IN THE OLD PALACE YARD AT RICHMOND, SURREY, WHICH IS BEING RESTORED AND CONVERTED: With the sanction of the Crown Commissioners, the architect Mr. C. B. Brown, is converting this fine old house into a block of four flats while retaining its antique features. A great deal of restoration is being undertaken: the fine panelling is being repaired and period pieces spoiled in the Victorian era are being replaced. Trumpeters' House was built by Richard Hill, brother of Queen Anne's abigail, Mrs. Masham. It occupies part of the site of Henry VII's Richmond Palace, which was sold in 1603 and gradually demolished.

A CRAFTSMAN ENGAGED ON RESTORATION IN TRUMPETERS' HOUSE, RICHMOND: The house is being converted into flats, but original features are being maintained.

THE OLD TITHE BARN AT BREDON, NEAR TEWKESBURY, WHICH IS BEING RE-TILED: This fourteenth-century building was acquired by the National Trust in December, 1951, and is reputed to be the finest of its kind in the country. In the foreground are Cotswold stones, which will later be prepared for fitting on to the roof. *On left*—A workman stacking the stones on the roof. They have been pegged and are now ready for use. The Tithe Barn was the property of Mr. G. S. Cottrell, who gave it to the nation, and since then the Pilgrim Trust has been helping to meet the cost of its upkeep. Mr. David Nye, the London architect, is in charge of the present work of restoration, which is costing £6,525.

RECORD-BREAKING INCREASES SALES!

Two Britons Who are Out to Capture Some New Speed Records Will Undoubtedly Add to the Prestige of British Car Manufacturers

BY THE "SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

ONCE you get the record-breaking bug it seems to be always with you. Look at "Goldie" Gardner and John Cobb. At sixty-one Lieut.-Colonel A. T. Gardner, one-legged Croydon garage proprietor, who holds dozens of speed records, is just off to the Utah Salt Flats to try to get some more in his streamlined M.G.

And Mr. John Cobb, who is fifty-three and a fur broker in the City, is not content to hold only the world land speed record at 394·4 miles an hour. He has just announced that he is going to have a crack at the world water speed record.

These are the type of men who made Britain what it is. They combine a love of adventure with a fanatical desire to see Britain on top, and I hope good luck accompanies both of them in their new projects.

"Goldie" Gardner, who is 6 ft. 3 ins. tall, was crippled in the First World War, in which he served as a gunnery officer. He has been racing and breaking records—"Just for the fun of it"—since 1926.

When he took his famous little M.G. speedster to America last year he set up six more international records and ten U.S. national records. This time he is going to attack twenty existing records in two international classes: 1,500 cc. to 2,000 cc. (Class E), and 1,100 cc. to 1,500 cc. (Class F). His target also includes twenty-eight American national records.

He is using the same car. When he puts his foot down hard as the squat, green-painted projectile races across the salty plain at Utah, he will be attempting to improve on the Class F speeds he put up last year and trying to regain the Class E records set up earlier this year by Piero Taruffi, of Italy. He is going after Taruffi's scalp with an experimental 6-cylinder engine of 1,973 cc. It has a single overhead camshaft and a Shorrock supercharger.

Now don't run away with the idea that this motor will soon be fitted to production M.G.s. The Nuffield Organisation has anticipated that enthusiasts might jump to that conclusion and have solemnly announced: "It is emphasised that this engine is entirely of an experimental nature and must not at this stage be regarded as the prototype of a future new M.G." So there! But what's the betting?

For the Class F programme a 1¼-litre TD engine will be used. This is the motor which, in unsupercharged form, powers the TD Midget.

People often ask me: "What's the good of all this record-breaking nonsense, anyway?" One answer, of course, is that it has enormous prestige value. Another is that design improvements are expedited by finding out weaknesses which only reveal themselves under the severe test of speed bids. And it can be of untold value in the sordid commercial sense.

After "Goldie" Gardner's magnificent performance last year with the TD engine there was a tremendously increased demand for Midgets from sports car enthusiasts in America. To-day, a Nuffield official told me, the production programme is 80 per cent. greater than at the beginning of the year, and TD's are earning hard currency at the rate of 250,000 dollars a week.

The records held by Italy in Class E, and which Colonel Gardner is confident he will improve on, include 144 m.p.h. for the standing-start 50 miles and 133·1 m.p.h. for one hour. The flying-start records which he holds himself in Class F include 204·3 m.p.h. for the kilometre and 203·9 m.p.h. for the mile.

John Cobb is using jet propulsion for his water speed bid. His engine will be a de Havilland Ghost, similar to those which power the Comet jet-liner and Vampire fighters. He hopes to do 200 miles an hour, which would beat by a useful margin the existing record of 178·4 m.p.h.

This figure is subject to official confirmation. According to reports from the U.S., it was set up on July 7 on Lake Washington, Seattle, by Stanley Sayres, who thereby beat his own record by more than 18 miles an hour.

Mr. Cobb hopes to make his attempt on Lake Windermere this summer. His first trials with his specially designed boat—*The Crusader*—are scheduled for the end of August. These water-record people do not like admitting they are after records. That is why Mr. Cobb says the boat has been built "with the object of conducting research into high-speed travel on water." Such modest talk will deceive no one.

The boat has been designed by Mr. Reid Railton, the motor engineer who also designed the car—*The Thunderbolt*—in which Cobb set up his land speed record in September 1947. The boat has been built by Vospers, and two other firms who have contributed design skill to the project are the British Aluminium Company and the de Havilland Engine Company.

Use of a gas turbine engine confers great advantages on a marine craft at high speeds. Propellers become notoriously inefficient in the upper speed range. Their efficiency, in fact, decreases at such a rate that at the highest speed so far attained on water, only about one-third of the horsepower developed by the engine can be converted into propulsive force.

The overall length of the boat is 31 ft., with a span over the sponsons of 13 ft. The weight in running trim is expected to be nearly 3 tons. A planned mixture of birch ply and high-strength aluminium alloy has been used in its construction.

HE IS OFF TO AMERICA TO GAIN NEW HONOURS FOR BRITAIN: Lieut.-Colonel A. T. Gardner describes a model of his record-breaking M.G. Special to his five-year-old daughter Rosalind. On the Utah Salt Flats "Goldie" Gardner will attempt to break the International Class E records established by Piero Taruffi of Italy earlier this year. He will use a special experimental M.G. 6-cylinder supercharged engine with a capacity of 1,973 cc.

AN AUSTIN TROPHY FOR A CANADIAN BULL—THE PRESENTATION OF THE CHAMPIONSHIP AWARD WON AT THE ALBERTA HEREFORD ASSOCIATION'S ANNUAL BULL SALE AT CALGARY: Mr. L. P. Lord, Chairman and Managing Director of the Austin Motor Company, presents his trophy to Mr. Warren Smith of Olds, Alberta, owner of the supreme champion bull at this year's Calgary Bull Sale. Mr. and Mrs. Warren Smith were visiting Britain as guests of Mr. Lord, and the presentation was made at the Austin Works at Longbridge, Birmingham, the home of Austin cars. Mr. Lord decided to award the trophy after visiting the Calgary Bull Sale during his recent tour of the Austin Organisation in Canada. It is a perpetual trophy, and each year the winner will cross the Atlantic as Mr. Lord's personal guest to receive it. Mr. Lord is himself a breeder of Hereford cattle, having won the supreme championship at the Royal Show in 1949.

From the realm of high speeds and celebrated drivers let us turn to some down-to-earth motoring news. There have recently been two very interesting items. I refer to the scrapping of the covenant in the case of fifty-seven of the dearer British models; and the Ford price reductions.

The release from covenant of the more expensive cars was not unexpected. It is a realistic move by the British Motor Trade Association, who saw that because the second-hand values of these cars had dropped well below their price when new, they no longer needed the protection of the covenant to prevent black-market profiteering.

Most of the cars released from re-sale restrictions cost, with purchase tax, £1,200 or more. They range from the Daimler Straight Eight at £5,554, to the two-seater Morgan at £880. Any further releases of other models from covenant restrictions will depend entirely on variations in the second-hand market. The smaller, popular-priced cars are still in such great demand for business and other purposes to replace worn-out vehicles that their second-hand prices are still fantastically high.

It is a fact, though, that whatever the demand for new cars, and however urgently they are needed, the second-hand prices of these models will not remain inflated if intending purchasers cannot find the money to pay for them.

Few people expected the Ford Motor Company to announce a price reduction throughout their range—especially with a strike on their hands. It was only last March that the price of Ford cars went up for the second time in six months. It is a sure acknowledgment of the scarcity of money here at home and of the growing competition which is facing Britain in her export markets.

Significantly, the price cut for the home market is only 5 per cent., whereas there is a 10 per cent. reduction on export prices. The Ford Company's bold decision is based on a realistic assessment of the prevailing economic climate. It is all the more significant when made by the leading exporter in the motor industry.

In a statement when the price cuts were announced, Sir Patrick Hennessey, managing director, spoke of the need to reverse the upward trend of costs and selling prices at home and abroad. "If our exports are not maintained," he said, "production will fall, and unless something is done, unemployment and a lower standard of living will follow."

List price of the 8-h.p. Anglia is now £313 (plus £176 tax). The new price of the 6-cylinder Zephyr is £532 (plus £297 tax).

Speaking of the Anglia reminds me that recently I took one of these sturdy little cars over to the Continent by air. I was once again very much impressed both by the performance of Britain's cheapest car and the efficiency of Silver City Airways, who operate the car ferry between Lympne and Le Touquet.

The pioneer service was opened in July 1948, and in that season only 170 cars were carried in the company's twin-engined Bristol Freighters. In 1949 two Freighters carried 2,700 cars between them.

In the following year the total increased to 3,850 cars, plus 1,000 motor-cycles and bicycles and 15,000 accompanying passengers. Last year Silver City Airways took more than 7,000 cars between England and France, the fleet of three Freighters having to be doubled to carry a total of more than 13,000 vehicles.

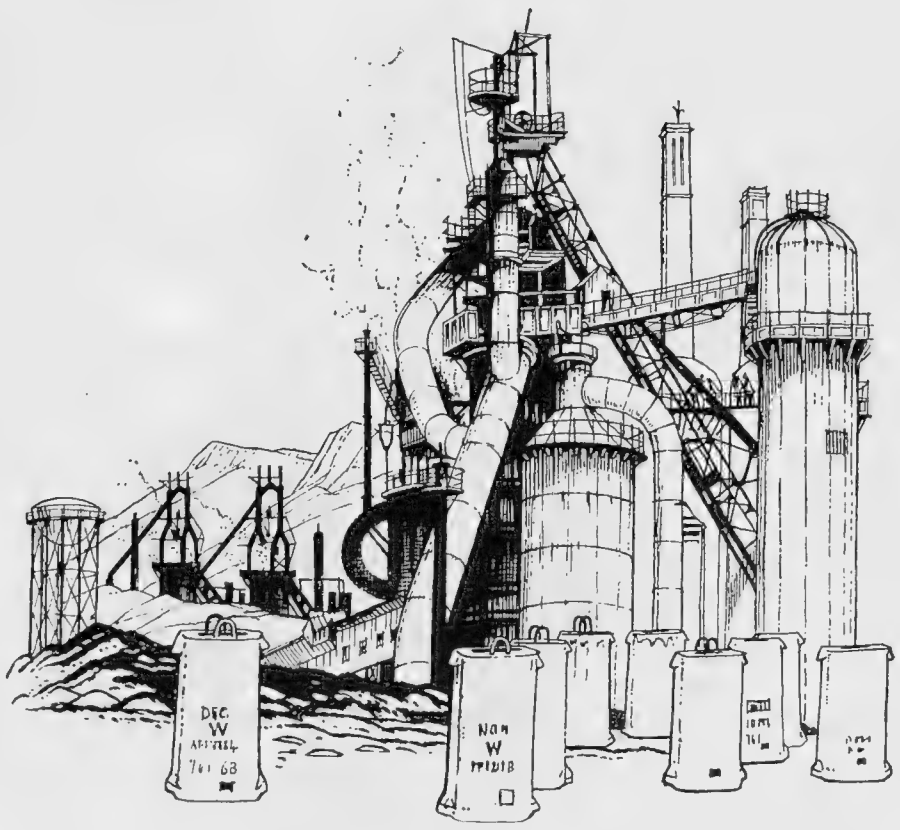
Early this year the company opened new air ferry services between Southampton and Cherbourg and from Southend to Ostend. Air Commodore "Taffy" Powell, head of the firm, has big plans for the future, for he sees a continuous expansion of business ahead.

He has ordered six "long-nosed" Bristol Freighters, the fuselages of which have been lengthened by 4 ft. 10 ins. to allow three cars and twenty passengers to be carried instead of two cars and a dozen people. These will be replaced or supplemented, later on, says the Air Commodore, by larger four-engined aircraft. And eventually he thinks the firm will be using specially-designed helicopters.

He foresees the use of these rotary-wing planes in 1959 or 1960. They will really be self-supporting, self-driven cranes, capable of picking up and depositing pre-loaded "pods" on both sides of the Channel without landing themselves.

The present services are impressive enough. The actual flight takes only twenty minutes, and from the time I arrived at Lympne the other day in the Ford Anglia, to the time I was through the Customs the other side, was less than an hour. It's a great time-saver, this Silver City Ferry, and you get the impression of personal attention and service right the way through.

THE THRILLS OF SIDECAR RACING AT BRANDS HATCH: Leading up Paddock Hill in a recent Sidecar Handicap is No. 110, a 499 Norton, ridden by D. Smith, with S. Pearsall as passenger, followed by No. 66, a 650 Pullins Triumph, with S. Law and T. Hammond. The race was won by Don Slate and R. Nottingham on a 596 Norton.



IRON

THE element iron is the most important of all metals and, next to aluminium, the most widely distributed. It has been estimated that there is an average of one cwt. of iron for every ton of the earth's crust. There are many different forms of iron ore, but only four — haematite, magnetite, limonite and siderite — are of industrial value. Most of the iron ore mined in England comes from the siderite deposits at Corby in Northamptonshire and the Scunthorpe district of Lincolnshire. Iron ore smelted in a blast furnace with coke and limestone becomes pig iron, the raw material from which cast iron, wrought iron and steel are made. Steel, the strongest metal in common use, is iron containing about 1% of carbon. Though iron is a newcomer compared with copper and bronze, more than 3,000 years ago it was used to make implements and weapons. Today it is an essential in the structure of civilization. Without it, there would be no railways, steamships, skyscrapers or machinery. Apart from its use in the construction of chemical plant, iron and some of its compounds are vital in certain chemical processes.

I.C.I. uses iron as a catalyst in the production of synthetic ammonia, and iron pyrites — a sulphide of iron — in sulphuric acid manufacture. It also uses some of the oxides of iron to make pigments for the paint and rubber industries.

ICI

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

THE ANTHOLOGY OF A PUBLISHER

Hamish Hamilton Comments on his Twenty-One Years of Publishing

IN his prefatory note to his anthology of twenty-one years of publishing, MAJORITY (25s. net), Mr. Hamish Hamilton says: "Publishers' imprints are seldom noticed and their policies rarely appreciated." Nor is he complaining, for he only mentions it in order to acknowledge a rare tribute in print. Most publishers know that what notice they individually receive is usually of the variety which arrives wrapped up in that crack about Barabbas, but they also know that this esoteric craft has its own rewards, and in that respect they are usually content with the rate for the job.

"Jamie" Hamilton started his own firm in the middle of a depression, and it is a tribute to his perspicacity and tenacity that he not only survived those post-war years, which were strewn with publishing casualties, but came through them triumphantly with a list strong and virile enough to carry him through the war, when he had to be serving his country elsewhere. Nevertheless, it is not for these things that you should read this remarkable anthology, which is full of names which range from Bernard Shaw to Raymond Chandler, and from Nancy Mitford to Graham Robertson. In fact one cannot review an anthology seriously without picking out bests and betters.

It is only possible to point to those items which give one individual pleasure such as, for instance, the piece on London squares from *The Moods of London*, by R. J. Cruickshank; a gem by any standards. Then there is *For Esmé—With Love and Squalor*, a piece by J. D. Salinger which originally appeared in the *New Yorker* and which, I suspect, sent Mr. Hamilton hot upon his trail.

Although ostensibly THE GREEN MAN (Macmillan. 15s.) is a romance of men's love for a family home that they can no longer afford to keep up, it is, far more than that, a study of England's social evolution during the past twenty years. This is seen from the viewpoint of a landowner, a scholar, a communist, a lion-hunting hostess, an inveterate snob, a socialist, a power-politician and a pleasantly average young man who knows them all. When I add that this long and consistently interesting novel is by the admirable pen of Miss Storm Jameson, you will realise that it is indeed a reader's treat.

A little reminiscent, unconsciously I feel sure, of the early MacKenna novels and not at all of the Galsworthy series, Miss Jameson writes with great urbanity of times and affairs: of the Munich hysteria and the way in which that created and split political camps, of the first stages of the war, and of the squabbles of the new peace. These events and these endurances are, again, seen through the minds and impulses of men and women so varied that one may be motivated by ambition, another by the purest and strongest of family urges, another by an invertebrate frivolity, another by cold anger. The permutations are innumerable: the reading of them stimulating to a rare degree. In the end, an end which is as inconclusive as most human affairs, one recognises at least one salient fact. Miss Storm Jameson is a major novelist among those who write in the English language.

The writer who calls himself "Sarban" has a strange talent, but one thing is incontestable: he can write, and well. THE SOUND OF HIS HORN (Peter Davies. 9s. 6d.) is a queer, exciting novel, by no means to everyone's taste, and still admirable in its way. The story is of an English officer who escapes from his prison camp in Eastern Germany, walks for scores of miles, runs into an almost lethal wire fence and, after weeks, comes to his senses in a luxurious room in an improbable clinic. From then on, fantasy takes over till one echoes the narrator's question as to his own sanity. I don't propose to enlarge any more on the plot, only to say that whatever its impossibilities it will give the reader a real thrill, and it will be a thrill of fear.

THE MAROON (Robert Hale. 10s. 6d.) was evidently written with a sense of urgency and partly from personal experience, the author having travelled widely in the West Indian islands such as he describes, but, possibly because the reader may lack that same experience, the result is inescapably melodramatic, the contrasts too harsh and the good and evil in characters improbably apparent. Nevertheless, and because of Mr. Cunliffe Owen's sincerity, his gift for feeling and for conveying the beauties of climate and scenery, this is a book with its own attractions. Briefly, it is concerned with an island in the West Indies of our own days where the conflict is not solely between the white and the coloured settlers or inhabitants, but just as fiercely between those who hold the old, traditional views and those whose passion for progress sends them stumbling carelessly ahead. On the island of Mr. Owen's invention, two of the great estates are united through the marriage, contented but unromantic, of their middle-aged owners. There are no children, and the question that the couple must resolve is the future of the great property which they regard not only from the commercial point of view, but as continuing their own careers of benevolent feudalism. A young man comes out from England to learn the work on the estate and, unknowingly, to be tried out for the exacting position of heir. It is through his eyes for the greater part that the island's ways and its people are observed and judged, through his eyes and the eyes of a far more intelligent coloured contemporary.

SHERLOCK HOLMES TAKES A TRIP TO NEW YORK: A model of the dining-room at 221b, Baker Street, on show at the Plaza Galleries, 59th Street, New York, during an exhibition held on behalf of the United Cerebral Palsy Organisation of New York City. The furnishings were taken to America by Adrian Conan Doyle (who is seen in the picture), the son of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the creator of the fictitious detective. Last year, during the Festival of Britain, the replica was displayed in the Sherlock Holmes Exhibition at Abbey House, Baker Street, London.

Marjorie Weaver, an English writer living in Australia, writes about the country of her adoption not only with sympathy but with a real understanding of such of the problems and growing pains as she touches on. Australia has changed greatly since the 1900's of which she writes, and with it have changed the amenities which people require or which they would like. In the picture she gives of a more remote Australia, this writer wholly succeeds, and it is in that that the value of her novel lies, for the tale itself excites scarcely a smile or a sigh, and certainly nothing stronger. NEVERMORE ALONE (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) is therefore a romance on a fairly small scale, redeemed from the charge of banality by the freshness of its setting and the authority with which this is described.

What a subject for a novel is the slow and infinitely careful building of a great cathedral in medieval England, and how well, let it be added, does Edith Simon take advantage of the opportunities offered by the theme. THE GOLDEN HAND (Cassell. 12s. 6d.) is a very long novel and that, too, is suitable, since in its nearly 600 pages must be described the lives of two generations of the village folk who first find the buried Roman treasure of a hand, carved and worked in the purest gold, then ascribe miraculous properties to it, and finally set to work to build on the consequently hallowed ground where it was discovered, a shrine that shall be worthy of it. Edith Simon handles the minutiæ of this work, its complexity and the interdependence of its artisans and villagers, with real virtuosity, and manages to give the reader some kind of picture of every type of man concerned in the building, from the Lord of the Manor, to the masons and stone-carvers, those wizards of the Middle Ages, and finally to the most insignificant figure, the creature whose sole work is to scare birds away.

How exactly does one swash a buckle? There must somewhere be experts to answer that as they answer every other abstruse query. Mr. Robert Neill goes part of the way to telling us in his novel, MOON IN SCORPIO (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.), which deals with Protestant plots and Popish humours in the late seventeenth century. In London, bands of drunken Mohawks, well-born but savage youngsters, roam the streets at night to the terror of innocent wayfarers, and Lord Shaftesbury's Brisk Boys are another threat to safety. In the country, and particularly in the eastern part of Lancashire of which Mr. Neill writes, Protestant may not safely call on Papist neighbour, though they have been brought up together since childhood. A turbulent period, a well-designed setting, and what with hot-blooded youths and perky girls, this author gets the utmost out of it all.

The new volume of M. Simenon's consists of one full-length novel and not his more usual pair of long-short stories. THE BURGOMASTER OF FURNES (Routledge and Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.), translated by Mr. Geoffrey Sainsbury, is an admirable piece of work, a *roman psychologique* of great perception and delicacy, though it may disappoint many of those who expect a detective-story from this writer, and look in vain for the burly figure of the redoubtable M. Maigret. I must confess myself to a great liking for that series, in which crimes of violence are traced to their source. But this other manifestation of M. Simenon's art has much to recommend it, too, and, as always, his story has an atmosphere of authentic, everyday life that is nearly palpable.

What with the foreword, the immense commentary, the notes and the unfinished novel itself, Mr. Randolph Hughes has managed to make of LESBIA BRANDON (Falcon Press. 35s.) a book just about as broad as it is long. This unfinished novel of Algernon Charles Swinburne's is a curiosity, and an interesting one to a serious student of the poet's work, and the latter seems to be a good description of Mr. Hughes, who devotes more than twice as much space to his own comments, opinions and analyses as to the late Mr. Swinburne's lines.

BETWIXT LUNE AND RIBBLE

Jessica Lofthouse Describes Lancashire's Fair Face

From Liverpool Bay upon the west, to Oldham and Burnley on the east, where the borders of Lancashire and Yorkshire march together, Lancashire is a predominantly industrial county, and there are few of us who do not carry in our minds a fairly accurate picture of the great, sprawling cotton towns with their dark, satanic mills of tradition, their workers in clogs, and their cobbled streets. North of the Ribble, however, it is not necessary to walk in blinkers if one is to see the countryside unsullied by the town, for beyond that river which forms the waistline of the county there is another Lancashire, one that is not well known even to North Country people, an area unspoilt and completely rural. This land between Ribble and Lune forms the subject of Jessica Lofthouse's new book, LANCASHIRE'S FAIR FACE (Robert Hale. 18s.), a companion to her earlier volume, *Lancashire Landscape*. In the rugged stretches between Lancaster and Settle, between the Littledale Fells and the Bowland Forest, is some of the grandest walking country in all Britain, and Miss Lofthouse, who does her exploring on foot, does justice to this land in a way that only a walker can achieve, and that perhaps only after exploring for years among the highways and byways and the postmen's paths. After a short trespass into the Yorkshire dales of the Hodder and Croasdale Beck we come back to the twin rivers of Hindburn and Roeburn, one of the most sequestered corners of Lancashire, where the hill folk live very much their own lives, and then down into the valley of the queenly Lune. Finally, not many miles from the Big Dipper and Blackpool Tower, Miss Lofthouse takes us through the Fylde of Amounderness, that land of cornfields and orchards with the rich, resounding name, where men cut peat on sunny days, the snipe are ever crying over the salt marshes, and earnest anglers fish the meandering waters of the Wyre. Beyond doubt, North Lancashire has as many surprises to offer as any other particular area in the kingdom.

Gambia, the most northerly of the British West African dependencies, stands astride the Lower Gambia River, and since 1618, when James I granted a charter to a trading company in the area, it has seldom figured largely in the public eye, save perhaps of very recent years in the light of a much publicised poultry scheme. Strangely enough, Gambia is often called the Groundnut Colony, although not because of any association with the British Government's recent sponsoring of groundnuts in Africa, but because of an unsubsidised cultivation which began long before the days of bulldozers and tractors. Groundnuts brought no small prosperity to the colony Lady Southorn shows in her new volume, THE GAMBIA (George Allen and Unwin. 21s.). Like the pawpaw, the orange, and the lime, she says, they came from Brazil, and if in the days of trade for gold and slaves the groundnuts merely catered for local consumption, they were to have their turn in the second half of the nineteenth century with the increased demand for soaps and oils in Europe. Lady Southorn's volume, based on five-and-a-half years' acquaintance with Gambia during her husband's Governorship, is a most complete introduction to this little-known tropic land, giving an insight into the lives and customs of its people of many tribes, its administration, and its problems. Upon all who live there the Gambia seems to exercise an unsophisticated charm, and there is no doubt that in Lady Southorn the colony has a devoted, lifelong admirer

TWO EGGS ON MY PLATE (George Allen and Unwin. 15s.) is a story of espionage in Norway during the German occupation, and the original manuscript by Oluf Reed Olsen has been translated from the Norwegian by F. H. Lyon. The author, who travelled about Norway by train and bicycle reporting on shipping movements, reveals the elaborate organisation of Norwegian resistance, and in a series of exciting chapters tells of his hairbreadth escapes.

Many of the best-known romances of Rider Haggard have now been reprinted in the Macdonald Illustrated edition, including *She*, *Allan Quatermain*, and *Nada the Lily*. The latest volume is THE BRETHREN (Macdonald. 8s. 6d.), that romance of the Crusades which was first published in 1904. The illustrations are by Hookway Cowles.

There are herbs for everything, both the ancient and modern herbalists claim. Mrs. C. F. Leyel, who has studied this subject as few others in her day, is the author of GREEN MEDICINE (Faber and Faber. 31s. 6d.), and this is the fifth of her Culpeper herbals. Herbs for each organ of the human body are described, and there is a wealth of classical and Biblical quotation in support of varying theories as to the uses of varying herbs. Among herbs for the brain is listed the vine, and in this connection Mrs. Leyel tells us that the juice of the grape possesses medicinal properties of a high order, which is just the sort of news we want to hear.

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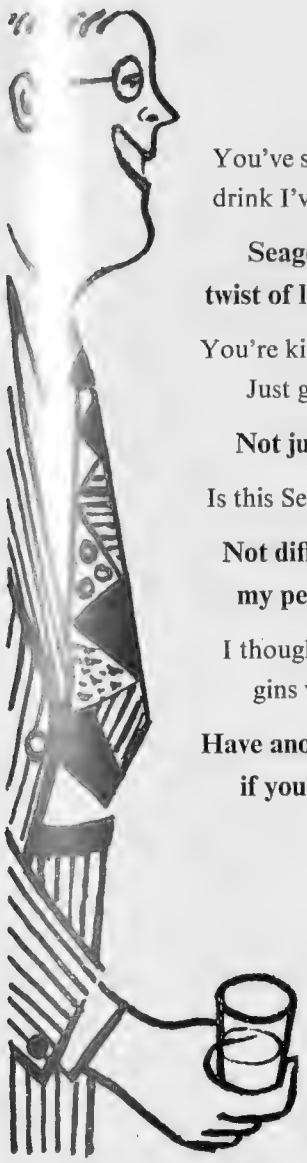

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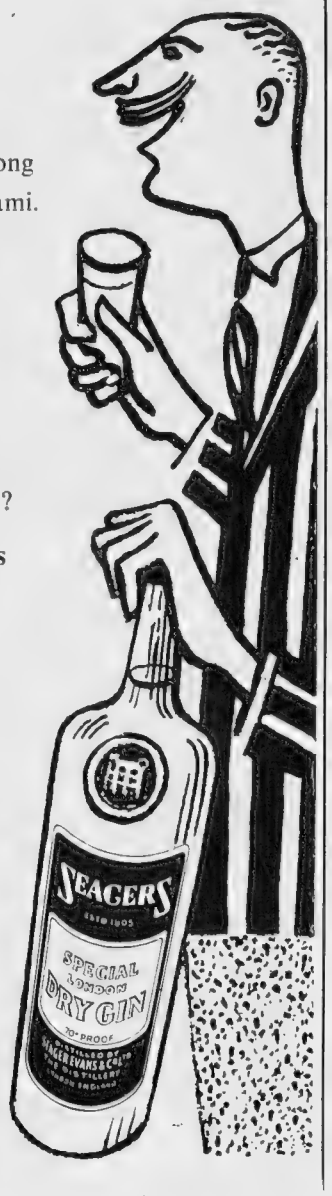

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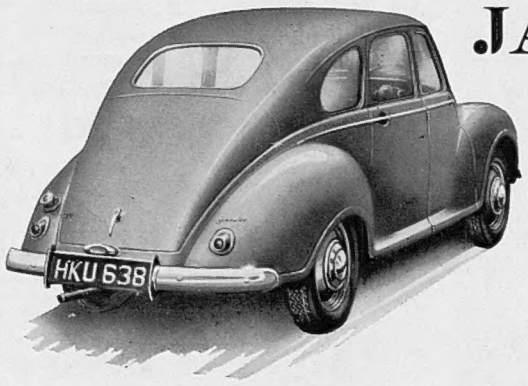

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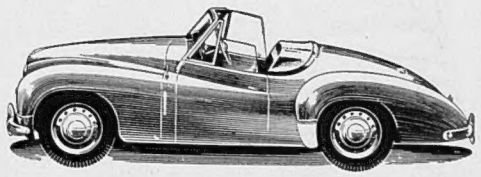

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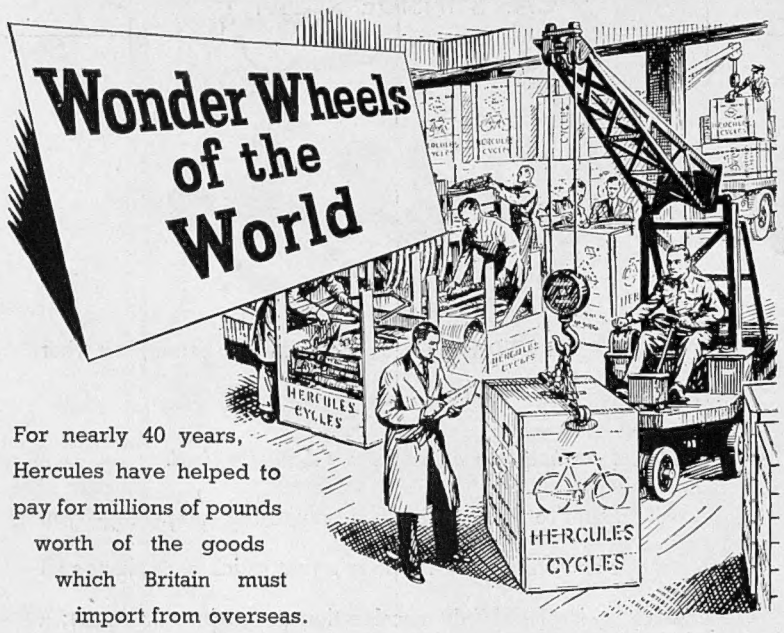

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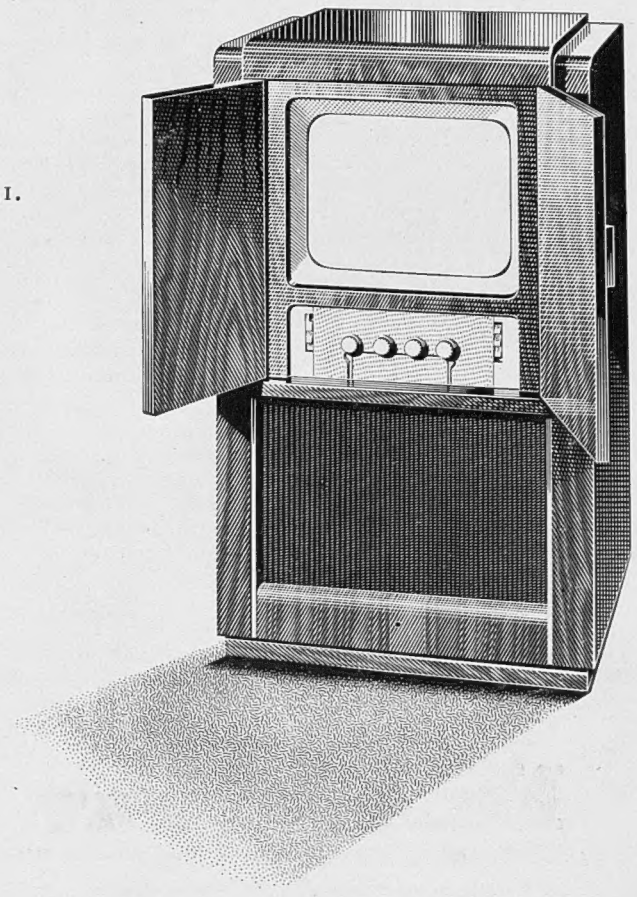

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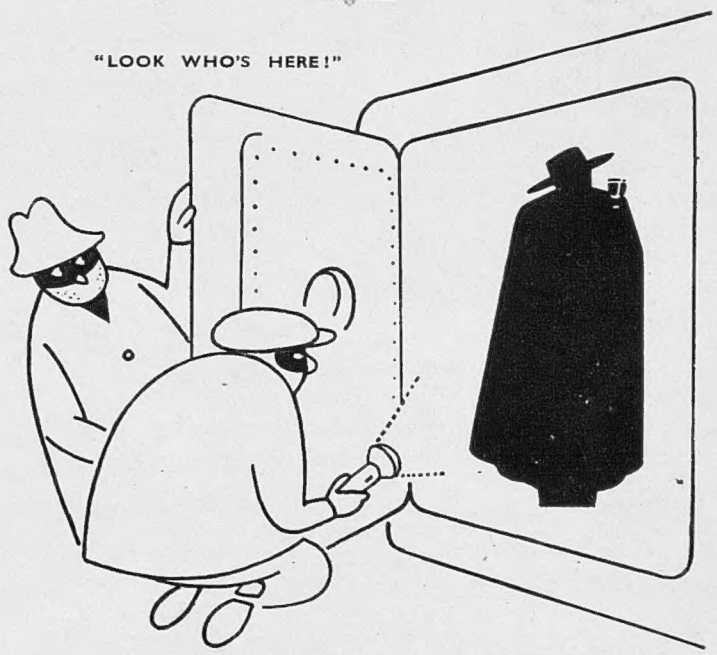

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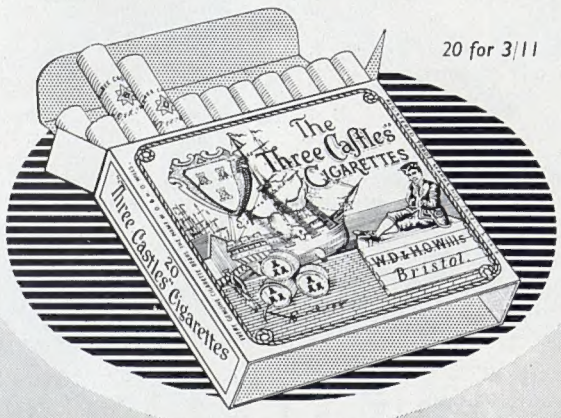

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Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2. SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1952. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.